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J. Allan Cash

The Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, where it is expected that the British Prime Minister will see a performance during his visit to Russia. Thomas Barman, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent, discusses 'The Changing Mood in Moscow' on page 316

Hope of a Thaw in the Cold War?

By Sir Charles Webster

Misconceptions of Freedom

By Noel Annan

The Science of Smell

By Magnus Pyke

Art, Book Reviews, Bridge, Chess, Crossword, Music, Poetry

Soviet Foreign Trade: Myth and Reality

By Alec Nove

Abraham Lincoln: Unique Folk Hero

By David Donald

Football Players and the Crowd

By Max Gluckman



How many chairmen at this table?

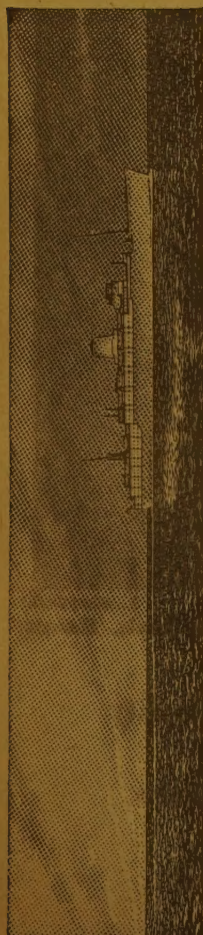
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The Listener

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Hope of a Thaw in the Cold War?

By SIR CHARLES WEBSTER

HAVE the surprising and dramatic events of the past three months brought about any radical change in the conflict between East and West which we call the Cold War? During 1958 there had been long discussions about Mr. Khrushchev's request for a new summit conference, a request which he seems eventually to have regretted, or perhaps been forced to withdraw by Chinese pressure. Then, on November 27, came the Soviet Note to the four Western Powers proposing to make Western Berlin into a free city from which all foreign troops should be withdrawn, leaving it, under international guarantee it is true, an isolated and unprotected island in the midst of East German territory. If this offer was not accepted within six months, the Soviet Union would, none the less, transfer all the approaches to the city to the control of the East German government, a government which the Western Powers had always refused to recognize. Six months were allowed for a reply to be made. The Note, therefore, had the appearance of an ultimatum.

Everywhere in the West, and above all in Western Berlin itself, this proposal was regarded as impossible. It would leave Berlin at the mercy of its hostile neighbour. Moreover, it was pointed out, Berlin was only one aspect of the German problem, which only a year ago Mr. Khrushchev had said there was no point in discussing further. A new Soviet Note was therefore sent on January 10, proposing that a peace treaty should be made with both West and East Germany by the twenty-seven powers which had been at war with united Germany. By this treaty the present frontiers were to be reaffirmed and established and all Germany was in effect to be neutralized, limited in armaments and refused all nuclear weapons. No other power was to have troops or bases in her territory and she was to leave the Nato

alliance. East and West Germany might then be united on an equal footing in a loose confederation. This new approach was accompanied by an uninvited and unexpected visit of Mr. Mikoyan to the United States, where he tried to soften public opinion by soothing words.

These manoeuvres left the Western governments and Western public opinion somewhat bewildered. Western Germany was naturally alarmed and indignant. In other countries the prospect of a negotiation produced some effect on public opinion, always longing for some relaxation in the tension between the East and the West. But everywhere it was at once realized that whatever response was made it must proceed from a united Western front. If the Soviet Union hoped to divide the Western Powers, it has, so far at any rate, singularly failed in its purpose.

One of the first results was to cause Mr. Dulles to visit the European capitals in order to establish a method by which the answer of the Western Powers should be determined. Here Mr. Dulles was only following his usual routine, but Mr. Macmillan's sudden decision to visit the Soviet leaders and come into contact with the Soviet people has caused a flurry of surprise not only in the West, but, we may be sure, also in Moscow. Clearly the negotiations of the next three months before the expiry of Mr. Khrushchev's so-called ultimatum will be of great importance. Can we hope that something new and fruitful for the peace of the world will come out of them?

It is well to remember at the outset that the Soviet Union has made no change in its position on any of the chief problems. All that the Notes contain about German frontiers, German disarmament and disengagement has been said before many times. The only new thing is the threat about Berlin—and, after all, the

Soviet Union tried to force the Western Powers out of Berlin before—and failed to do so. Nor have the methods of the Soviet Union changed. It follows those which Hitler employed of mingling threats with peaceful words. At the recent Soviet Communist Party Congress Mr. Khrushchev mixed his words of peace with violent abuse of the United States, while Marshal Malinovsky stressed the power of the Soviet Union to send its hydrogen-headed rockets to any point of the world, claiming an accuracy of aim which few experts would accord them. And just as Hitler whenever he tore up a treaty always offered some new and binding agreement, so now the Soviet Union, while repudiating the agreements of September 1944 and May 1945 concerning Berlin, offers a new and binding agreement to establish the new régime. How easy it would be for it to repudiate this new agreement in its turn when the time seemed ripe.

Nor, so far as has yet been revealed, have the Western Powers changed their position on any fundamental point. They remain resolved to seek to establish a united Germany by peaceful means and democratic procedure, while they continue the organization of Western defence through Nato, in which Germany is to play an important part. Public opinion in the United States in spite of Mr. Mikoyan's brilliant performance is pressing for even greater expenditure on armaments. In Britain, France, and Western Germany, only minor sections of public opinion, which have always advocated some form of appeasement, have seen in the Soviet proposals any sign of a change of heart.

All the same, there are some indications of a less rigid attitude both in Moscow and in the West. The Soviet Union is beginning to reap advantage from the immense effort made over the past ten years to create the capital structure of industry and agricul-

ture. Her military prestige has been greatly enhanced by the success of her recent rocket experiments into outer space. Moreover, since Stalin's death the régime of oppression has been sensibly modified. Mr. Khrushchev has liquidated his rivals, it is true, but by milder methods than his predecessors. The control of the secret police appears to be somewhat relaxed. A new feeling of confidence has caused cultural and technical contacts with the West to be greatly multiplied.

There are changes also in the West. New men have come into key positions in the United States Congress. While just as determined to resist the Soviet Union as their predecessors, they wish to take the initiative and to try to discover new means of approach to the Cold War. Both Mr. Dulles and Mr. Macmillan have indicated that they will not make free and democratic elections in East Germany a condition of any settlement, and it may be that some recognition of the East German state is contemplated—if only indirectly. Mr. Macmillan's courageous visit to the Soviet Union shows that he has some hope that he can make some improvement in the present state of affairs. General de Gaulle is an unknown quantity and closely bound to Chancellor Adenauer, but it is probable that the majority of Frenchmen are not too anxious to see Germany reunited without some fresh guarantees. Western Germany has grown so strong economically that, like the Soviet Union, she may be able to accept compromises hitherto impossible for her.

Thus, if the ultimatum about Berlin has increased the tension of the Cold War, we may still hope that something good will eventually come out of all these discussions. It may even be that a slow thaw will set in. But this is as yet only a hope—and how often have our hopes been frustrated!—*General Overseas Service*

The Changing Mood in Moscow

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

IT is about thirty years since Mr. Macmillan visited the Soviet Union, as an ordinary tourist on one of those round trips to Moscow and Leningrad and two or three other towns. Russia was then on the eve of the great collectivization drive that killed several million peasants and left the countryside in ruins. It drove the surviving peasants into a kind of passive resistance that Stalin altogether failed to overcome, and there were a number of people who thought of the Germans as possible liberators, as we saw in the early days of the war. It was not until Stalin resolved to turn patriotism and nationalism into a virtue again that the tide turned.

I first came to Moscow in the autumn of 1943, when this resurrected spirit of nationalism was beginning to take shape. It gave the ordinary Russian a sense of dignity, rather crude, perhaps, at times, that helped him to bear the pain and the loneliness and the privations of war; and even in Moscow, of course, conditions were awful. I can still remember the old man who told me that when he stood in the queue to buy his small ration of food, he could always tell who would be next on the list to die of hunger: there was the yellow pastiness of his skin, he said, and the distant intensity of his eyes. And I can still see the old woman, tearless and exhausted, dragging a coffin on a little sledge along the icy streets away to some burial place in the outskirts of the capital.

I have often wondered how far the new patriotism gave them any comfort. I am sure that the Church did, for the few churches that were open in those days were always full to overflowing. It seemed to me at the time that when the victory salutes were fired night after night, once the great German wave had been halted and turned back, the people one saw in the streets held their heads a little higher than usual. I am sure that it comforted them to know that their country, which had been an outcast among the nations for so long, was now admired and respected in the Western world. At the same time, Stalin and his friends were determined that the Russian people should not become too friendly in their attitude to the outside world; and they took great pains to stop the Russian people from finding out precisely how much help

they were getting from the Americans and ourselves. Any real contacts with the outside world would have proved that the Stalinist régime was a régime of lies and falsehoods.

But Stalin did a great deal more than that—he spread the story that the West had always been half-hearted about the war, and that the defeat of Germany was something that the Russians had accomplished almost on their own. He deliberately tried, in short, to turn the new patriotism into a blinkered kind of chauvinism. He was not altogether successful; he could not uproot the feeling that Western friendship might open all sorts of doors into a happier future. A conductor on the train to Leningrad in the summer of 1944 spoke to us of the great days that were in store for his country. With American help, he said, American gold and American industrial techniques, and the overwhelming power of American industry, Russia would become prosperous beyond imagination. And there were others who spoke in the same terms.

Things did not turn out that way. Stalin wanted isolation instead of co-operation. When I came back to Moscow in the early spring of 1947, the people were again on the edge of famine. Things were very difficult with us that year, and the Americans helped us over the hump. The Russians remained outside the scope of that help, and there is still in my mind the picture of a group of old women, old as only peasants can look old, sitting on the steps of a church and holding out their hands for charity. I suppose they were starving: their thin hands and fingers looked like the claws of a bird. Oh no, the Russians did not need any help from the outside world: she was far ahead of the West in so many ways—that was the official line when Stalin took his country into the isolation of the Cold War.

Thirty years ago, in 1929, nobody paid any attention to the views of the Russian Government on world affairs. Russia was an outcast, poor, inefficient, unsuccessful, with a people forced to deny and despise their own history. Now, in 1959, there is self-confidence, respect for the Tsarist dream of empire and the great swelling pride in the material achievements of the régime—at least among the leaders. And they are the people that Mr. Macmillan will be talking with during his stay in Russia.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

Soviet Foreign Trade: Myth and Reality

By ALEC NOVE

THE story is told that, during the Congress of Vienna, the chief Russian delegate died; Metternich pondered deeply and said: 'Now, I wonder what his *motive* was?' It seems to me that we, like Metternich, are often unable to accept the natural explanation for Soviet acts, and are apt instead to seek deep-laid plots and machiavellian schemes even where they do not exist. It is my purpose to attempt to restore a sense of proportion in our judgment of the nature and motives of Soviet economic policies towards the outside world.

It may be objected that Soviet history has included not a few examples of plots and scheming, as indeed it has, and also that some Soviet behaviour in the field of economic and trade policy has been greatly influenced by political considerations, which is perfectly true. I am not arguing in favour of the untenable proposition that Soviet trading activities are wholly divorced from politics. It is a question of balance, of assessing the relative importance of different factors in each individual case. The trouble is that numerous observers assume the invariable preponderance of the political, without taking the trouble to use common sense. There is a reason for this, especially if they are students of Soviet politics. The formal façade of Soviet political life is unreal; it is a cover for the more or less arbitrary exercise of political power by the party leaders. Therefore, a refusal to accept the façade, an insistent search for the political realities beneath it, are not only desirable, they are indispensable. But Soviet economic life is real. To put the point crudely, the Soviet parliament is not a parliament, but a Soviet steel-works is a steel-works. Therefore problems associated with steel-works, of which trade is one, have a non-political reality.

This reality is sometimes concealed from our view, for two reasons. One is simply the fact that, in an economy owned and operated by the state, economic decisions are often taken by political leaders. Thus the steel-works appears to be built not because there is need for more steel, but because a certain group of comrades has ordered its construction. The same considerations apply, of course, in foreign trade. Whereas in this country numerous independent interests take unco-ordinated decisions about imports and exports, in Soviet Russia the state is always directly involved. Therefore what may be a response to the dictates of necessity generally looks like the exercise of arbitrary political power.

The second reason is this: the Soviet leaders do not like to admit that what they do is a response to necessity. On the contrary, they go out of their way to stress the political aspect of any decision, however technical it may be. They would claim that these steel-works are in some mystical sense a creation not of bricks and mortar but of 'socialism', or that their trade

policies are based on the highest political-ideological principles. No doubt this is good for their morale. In much the same way, a military commander who orders the wearing of greatcoats likes to consider his order as a manifestation of his power of command, rather than a mere consequence of the onset of winter.

But are not Soviet economic policies determined by political objectives? Surely, it might be said, are not the speeches of



Mr. Mikoyan (right), Soviet Deputy Prime Minister, at the Potomac Electric Power Company during his recent visit to the United States

Khrushchev, and the seven-year plan just adopted by the party congress, typical manifestations of this political dominance? These questions require the answer 'yes', but paradoxically this in no way destroys my argument. The dominant theme of Soviet economic policy is the rapid build-up of Soviet economic might to 'overtake America'. This theme is political. But, once such a policy is adopted, it has certain consequences. To carry it out, it is necessary to have given quantities of materials and machines, and the planners have to work out ways and means of getting them. In the course of this largely technical process, there arises the question of acquiring scarce commodities from abroad, and of exporting others to pay for the imports. A large part of Soviet trade policy is the consequence of this process. If a given transaction is explicable in this way, it is surely unnecessary to invoke the Cold War in a search for motives. Even in Soviet Russia, the obvious reasons for any act are generally the right ones.

Consider, as an example, the Soviet efforts to sell tin in London. The widely held view is

that the Soviet Union sold tin in order to disorganize a falling market. The aim—it is alleged—was to cause maximum embarrassment to world capitalism and to impoverish the primary producing countries so as to facilitate subversion.

Let us consider now an alternative hypothesis. There was a need for the Russians to earn more sterling to finance their purchases from the sterling area. The Soviet planners had to find more goods for export. It was observed that there were excess stocks of tin, unnecessary now that Soviet requirements of tin can be fully met by imports from China. It was therefore decided to sell some in London. But the market was weak owing to the American recession, and the world tin pool was trying to keep up prices by limiting supplies. The appearance of the Russian tin caused a collapse in prices. After some manoeuvres and hard bargaining, the Russians settled in due course for a share in the tin pool.

It seems to me that the second of these explanations is far the more likely to be correct. Indeed, the 'political warfare' interpretation suffers from a crucial defect. The Soviet Union recently increased its purchases of rubber in Malaya. Malaya is a major producer of tin. If the object of the tin sales was to hurt the primary producing countries, it is odd that the Soviet planners should hurt Malaya by tin sales and strengthen it by rubber

purchases. If this is machiavellianism, its logic escapes me. An innocent child would say that the Russians had a surplus of tin and needed more rubber. In this instance, the innocent child would be right.

The accusation of dumping is often made, though it hardly accords with the experience of those who do business with Russia and who find Soviet sellers anxious to strike a hard bargain. Mr. Mikoyan has recently stated that Soviet trade officials receive a bonus if they succeed in selling dear. But it must be borne in mind that Soviet trade is not based on precise calculations of relative advantage. Soviet trade planners could not do this even if they wanted to, because all foreign transactions are based on the official exchange rate, which has no meaningful relationship to internal costs. They appear to operate by somewhat rough-and-ready methods. It is decided that certain commodities should be imported because there is a shortage of them, and goods which can be spared are earmarked for export to pay for them. The calculation is, so to speak, concerned with quantities rather than relative costs. Goods are then sold at the best price at which the importer can be persuaded to buy them. Soviet traders often lack flexibility, because they are told to sell stated quantities by a given date. The accusations of dumping arise when, as was the case with tin, it is impossible to sell that quantity without forcing down the price. The accusations are sometimes well founded, but the motive of the sale is to earn foreign currency, not some far-fetched scheme to dish capitalist traders.

Short-term Forecasts

The evidence suggests that the economic motives which I have been describing are predominant in Soviet trade with Western countries, including Great Britain, at any rate so far; in the future all things are possible. On this basis, at least some short-term forecasts can be made, not only of Soviet actions but of some of our reactions. Soviet import requirements are rising. There was a good grain harvest last year, and therefore, in order to pay for more imports, they may well decide to sell several million tons of wheat in the world market. This would inconvenience existing interests, and a cry would go up that the object of the sales was to disorganize the market, and this explanation would be widely believed. Perhaps another forecast would not be out of place. If the Soviet authorities decide to expand imports from America—and the idea has been mooted—then, since they find it difficult to earn dollars by sales to the United States, they may try to earn more sterling in order to convert it into dollars. If they do this, someone will be found to say that the whole operation is designed to weaken sterling with nefarious intent.

It is sometimes argued that no Soviet commodity sale is strictly necessary, because they could have sold gold instead. The U.S.S.R. is indeed a major gold producer, and in fact sells considerable quantities. No doubt she could have sold more. In the instance we have cited, in a choice between selling some gold or tin, the Soviet planners chose tin. But why was it necessarily more rational in the given instance to sell gold? Incidentally, were they to double or treble gold exports, this too would be found a place in the catalogue of Cold War interpretations of Soviet economic policies, on the principle laid down by Marx (Groucho, not Karl): 'Whatever it is, I'm against it'.

This whole approach, which is so widespread, is remarkably short-sighted. It may well be that the Russians sell their wheat, or tin, or gold, to enable them to buy materials and equipment so as to add as rapidly as possible to Soviet economic might, the better to be able to pursue their political designs. In that sense, their motives are indeed political, not directly so but at several removes. The immediate object of such transactions is economic-technical.

So far I have been stressing, perhaps to the point of overstressing, the economic aspects of Soviet trade policy, because they are so widely disregarded. But clearly this is not the whole story. The pattern of technical-economic response is frequently modified in practice by a whole number of other considerations, and politics do in fact play an appreciable part in determining the direction and scale of Soviet overseas transactions.

For example, Soviet planners often prefer, for real or imagined reasons of national security, to produce for themselves commodities which it would be more rational to import. (The Americans

too have been known to do this.) In many instances the Soviet Union relies as much as possible on trade within the Soviet group of countries, and these consistently receive *de facto* most-favoured-nation treatment, the reasons for which are obviously due to political circumstances. Then, in deciding precisely what to buy and from whom, the Soviet trade planners can exercise discrimination which is politically motivated in whole or in part.

Political Influence on Choice of Trade Partners

One may take examples of this affecting countries outside the Soviet bloc. The U.S.S.R. buys fish from Iceland and pays for it with oil and timber. The fish is a welcome addition to the Soviet diet, but cannot be described as vital to the Soviet economy, and in any case could have been bought from Great Britain or Norway. The choice of Iceland is connected with her politically exposed position in Nato. It is also true that the fisheries quarrel with this country gave the Russians their opportunity in the Icelandic market, and this is by no means the only instance in which political and commercial interest can be pursued together. There are other examples of political influence on choice of trade partners. Thus, Soviet purchases of oranges in Israel ceased in 1956 and were switched to Morocco, a country which had just achieved independence. Wool is not bought in Australia, with whom the Soviet Union has a long-standing diplomatic quarrel, but is bought in South Africa and New Zealand, with whom she has not.

This process is facilitated by the organization of Soviet trade as a state monopoly. Most-favoured-nation treaties can have little meaning where the state is the only buyer. Nor is it necessary to ask the Russian consumer if he prefers Icelandic cod to Scottish herrings or Moroccan oranges to Jaffa oranges. He will thankfully buy whatever the state retail network provides. This enables the Soviet Union to satisfy genuine economic needs in such a way as to serve political convenience at the same time.

Consider now those economic relations which are connected with arms deliveries and the granting of credits, and which affect an important group of 'neutralist' underdeveloped countries. In these cases too there is a *quid pro quo* which should not be ignored. Thus, the Soviet bloc does genuinely need the cotton with which Egypt pays for what she receives. However, it would be quite unrealistic to analyse Soviet-Egyptian trade without emphasizing the dominant role of political calculation. It is also self-evident that the Soviet steel mill which is being built in India on credit is built primarily because of its political and propaganda impact. Economic aid and arms deliveries can always be assumed to have a political motivation, whatever the country concerned.

Yet all too often the scale of the Soviet aid programme is over-estimated. One reads of 'tremendous aid drives', on a scale so vast as to cause serious strains in the Soviet economy. In so far as the motive behind the exaggeration is a desire to dramatize the Soviet economic threat, the motives are sound. The threat exists, in the long term anyway, and certainly the propaganda-effectiveness of Soviet aid provides grounds for alarm. But facts are obstinate things, and the facts show that the total volume of Soviet aid rendered to countries outside the Soviet bloc has remained relatively modest. On the available evidence, I doubt if the net value of goods and cash actually provided in the past three or four years is as much as £250,000,000. It is fashionable to quote much higher figures, but these would include aid negotiated or promised for future years but not actually provided (in some cases it never will be provided). It is also necessary to deduct such repayments as have already been made, for instance by Egypt.

Soviet Aid

Soviet aid takes the form of interest-bearing credits. True, the interest rate is low, but most American and British aid consists of non-repayable grants. In fact, if we looked at the matter soberly, it is really rather silly to regard Soviet credit for \$1,000,000 at 2½ per cent. interest as \$1,000,000 of aid. A credit granted at the full market rate of interest is surely not aid at all. If, for instance, a German firm agrees to supply Brazil with machinery under a normal credit agreement, this is business, not assistance. Therefore the only element of aid in the Soviet credits is the difference between the 2½ per cent. charged by the Russians and

the full commercial rate of interest. The Russians naturally wish to present their credits in the guise of pure aid, and we unconsciously help them by accepting this line and exaggerating the extent of the aid into the bargain. Almost certainly the aid rendered by Britain alone to underdeveloped countries exceeds that of the Soviet Union, and it seems desirable to say so loud and clear.

To sum up my argument: Soviet *trade* relations are predominantly based on a desire to acquire certain products and on the need to export others to pay for them, though these policies are modified in varying degrees by attempts to secure political as well as economic advantage. Those transactions which involve *aid* or *arms* can be assumed to be due overwhelmingly to political considerations, but the scale of these activities, and the sacrifices actually made to further them, have so far been much smaller than is generally imagined. In quantitative terms, they do not form a large fraction of Soviet trade. To put the matter somewhat crudely: while the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Trade is not composed of politically innocent businessmen, neither is it a branch of the Comintern. It is only when elementary economic logic does *not* explain Soviet trade policy, that we are entitled to advance the purely political interpretations which are so fashionable today.

But what of the future? Do the Soviets not intend to try to win the Cold War by using their rapidly growing economic strength in trade and aid offensives in the uncommitted world? Indeed, may this not be one of the prime objects of Soviet economic growth? Must we not assume that Soviet participation in world trade will continue rapidly to increase?

In answering these questions, we should distinguish between those transactions which are economically advantageous to the Soviet Union and those which involve some sacrifice on her part. The available evidence suggests that for the next seven years at least the attention of the Soviet leaders will be devoted primarily to the fulfilment of their very ambitious plans for the economic growth of the Soviet bloc itself. In particular, the domestic invest-

ment programme of the Soviet Union, China, and the satellites is so vast as to impose a serious strain on the capacity of the capital goods industries. The underdeveloped countries need capital goods first and foremost. It will be difficult for the Soviet bloc to spare increasing quantities of these. But in the last resort much depends on political decisions about priorities. If the political or strategic advantages are tempting, no doubt the leadership may decide to sacrifice internal economic for external political gains. This already happens from time to time. Probably the decision to help with the Aswan Dam is an example. Another is the technical agreement recently negotiated with Iraq. Nonetheless, the Soviet leaders emphasize so strongly the political importance of the build-up of Soviet economic strength at home, as part of their long-term strategy, that it does not seem likely that they will sacrifice much, although we certainly cannot be sure of this.

So far as genuine trade, unconnected with aid, is concerned, the situation is equally uncertain. On the one hand, Soviet planners have always had, and still retain, a strong tendency towards autarchy, towards relying where possible on production at home, or, failing that, in other Communist countries. On the other, they do show signs of greater consciousness of both the economic and political advantages of expanding East-West trade. Mr. Mikoyan's recent trip is but one of several indications that the U.S.S.R. is prepared to buy more from the West, especially machinery. At the twenty-first party congress, Mr. Mikoyan suggested that trade with the West might even be doubled. At present, despite the increases of recent years, it remains at modest levels. Total Soviet trade with the entire non-Soviet world in 1957 was little greater than that of a small country like Denmark. Even if it were doubled it would still be much smaller than that of Holland. It is doubtful if so large an increase will in fact occur, but we may well see considerably more Soviet participation in world trade. In so far as such trade is genuine, I am not at all sure that it is not a good thing. It is surely preferable to the grim isolationism of Stalin's last years.—*Third Programme*

Unemployment in Britain Today

By STEPHEN PARKINSON

WE have been hearing a good deal about unemployment. Spread over the country, about 620,000 people are out of work, and that is the biggest number since the war except in 1947 when there was a fuel crisis. Set against the 23,000,000 people who *are* working, it is not much, but the trouble with unemployment is that it does not spread itself evenly. It hits some areas more than others. In Northern Ireland one in every ten workers is out of work and in Scotland one in every twenty. If one looks even closer, at towns instead of areas, one begins to see what it means in human terms. Most people have read about the engineering workers in Oldham who started a sit-down strike because some of their mates were being sacked. They are alarmed because Oldham has three times as much unemployment as other Lancashire towns of the same size—and you know how badly Lancashire is hit by the decline in the cotton trade.

Winter is the worst time for many jobs. The weather affects all kinds of work, especially building, but by April the situation, and I hope the weather, should be much brighter. Already firms that were gloomy during the recession are getting a little more optimistic and as they get more orders they will take people back on their books.

But however much the situation improves, if there are still men and women out of work the position for each of them is anxious if not tragic. For instance, there are nearly 16,000 youngsters who have left school and cannot find jobs. They have grown up in the belief that there is plenty of work for everybody. Then there are miners whose pits have closed, people who have had to retire before they wanted, and others faced with the prospect of learning new trades away from the areas they have always known as home.

Some of these people will never go back to their old jobs because industry changes to meet changing needs. To take a simple example, look at the booming motor-car industry. Fifty years ago it was not there to any significant extent, but people had to be found to work in it and many of them went from industries that were dying. The consumer is responsible as much as anyone else. When he changes from radio to television, or from coal fires to electric heating, or from cotton to nylon, he is changing the face of industry.

This is all good, provided people are ready to produce new things and provided they do not try to hang on to old jobs, making it difficult to introduce new machines and new ideas. That kind of stalling self-protection is often known as restrictive practices, which, according to a recent report, is not as widespread as people sometimes think.

But if people are faced with change and the need to find new jobs in new industries they want to be assured they will not be out of work for long, if at all. And in Britain our record is fairly good. We have less unemployment than almost anywhere else in Western Europe. Unemployment pay will give you £4 or £5 a week if you have a family to support. That is not much if you have been used to a full wage, but it is better than before the war when a family got about 30s. Anyone old enough to remember those days knows the difference. In 1932 one in every five workers was on the dole. Industrial areas were derelict and the effects of idleness, poverty, and the belief that one might never work again were appalling. I do not think that is likely to happen again. We have developed too much of what people call a social conscience to let it.

—*'Topic for Tonight' (Light Programme)*

The Listener

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A World Figure

IT is 150 years since Abraham Lincoln was born, and the date was commemorated last week throughout the United States of America. As Professor Donald points out in a broadcast talk which is reproduced on another page, many legends have grown up about him, especially his early life. But now most of the legends have been destroyed by the devoted labours of American historians, notably by those working in the State of Illinois. Lincoln thus towers commandingly out of the mists of time as a world figure. He was, it is true, a self-made man: both his father and mother were apparently illiterate and, although his father was scarcely the ne'er-do-well that was once thought, the family experienced some hard times. Largely self-educated, Abraham Lincoln was a voracious reader and a practised orator. Indeed, it was because he taught himself to master the meaning of words, always painfully striving to achieve clarity, that much of what he said and wrote, from his first election address to the Gettysburg speech, has survived as superb American prose. No modern political philosopher can pretend to misunderstand Lincoln's ideas and ideals.

Lincoln was an eager politician who was not overscrupulous in his younger days about how he climbed to the top. 'His ambition', wrote his friend, Herndon, 'was a little engine that knew no rest'. But he was no comic-cuts figure winning votes as a simple rail-splitter who appealed to the common man. In fact he was a shrewd and distinguished lawyer who gained the allegiance of his fellow citizens because he could talk to them in a language they understood. The aspiring politician became a tolerant statesman just as the groping President in the end became a hero almost above party. But one is not easily persuaded that he was a great war minister. His election as President on a minority vote in the North was the signal for civil war and he does not at first seem to have appreciated the magnitude of the resistance that was to come from the South. His constant changing of generals and his open distrust of them, however justified, showed doubtful wisdom: even when in the end he selected Ulysses S. Grant and gave him full powers, the murdering battles in Virginia continued too long and left bitter memories. It is not impossible that astute diplomacy might have brought that terrible war sooner to its close.

Lincoln once wrote: 'We cannot escape history'. The object of the war was to 'save the Union', and we in Europe must be grateful that it was saved. But the causes of the war were the position of the Negro and the question of slavery. Lincoln believed, with Jefferson, that the American nation had as its aim to recognize men as equal and to define their right to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'. His hope was to head a united people instinct with the spirit of tolerance. He had 'malice toward none' and once said that 'a man has no time to spend half his life in quarrels'. The civil war he regarded as a people's war and the victory of the North as an affirmation of democracy, a form of government 'whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men'. To him democracy was therefore a clear-cut ideal to be fought for. But in his heart he knew it was no 'inalienable right'. If today the United States is poignantly struggling towards the 'integration' of people of all colours it is following the path of thorns that Lincoln took.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Cyprus

THE AGREEMENT ON CYPRUS, announced in Zürich at the end of the talks between Greece and Turkey, was welcomed throughout the free world, where commentators expressed the hope that it, and the London conference which began on February 17, would open a new chapter in Cyprus's history.

In Cyprus itself, Greek-language newspapers gave particular prominence to the invitation to Archbishop Makarios to London and forecast an early lifting of the ban on his return to Cyprus. One newspaper was quoted as saying the Greek-Turkish agreement might be wrecked if Britain insisted on maintaining sovereignty over her base in Cyprus, as such sovereignty would be incompatible with the island's independence. The Turkish-language press stressed that Turkish Cypriots could have complete confidence that their minority rights in the island would be fully safeguarded. In a broadcast on February 13, the Turkish Prime Minister said that the Turkish-Greek agreement would bring satisfaction to all Nato countries. There was no question of either Greece or Turkey being loser or victor: both willingly accept the need to respect the rights and interests of the other. As for Cyprus itself, both communities could rest assured that a bloody, strife-ridden epoch had been brought to an end.

A Moscow broadcast in Greek maintained that there was no reason to believe that the agreement reached in Zürich satisfied the demands of the Cypriots, whose fate had been decided without consulting them. They had persistently demanded self-determination, but their rights and interests had not been considered so much as 'the military interests of the colonial forces'. Cyprus was 'a forward post in the Baghdad Pact', and the base was to be maintained.

A Greek broadcast on Cyprus on February 10 stressed that Greece and Turkey, realizing how 'the common enemy' was trying to take advantage of their dispute, would continue along the path opened at Zürich. Turkish commentators welcomed the agreement. *Vatan* was quoted as saying:

The most important flank of Nato will be saved from crumbling. Our common security system will be reanimated.

A number of Western commentators thought that this amicable healing of a running sore would facilitate Mr. Macmillan's task in his talks with Mr. Khrushchev. In the words of the *Gazette de Lausanne*, quoted from Switzerland:

The West has achieved a considerable internal success. One of the gloomiest chapters in the relations between two countries which play a major part in preserving peace in the eastern Mediterranean has come to a close. This can only be to the good of the Atlantic alliance.

From the United States, *The New York Times* was quoted as describing the agreement as 'a victory for freedom and a triumph for Western statesmanship'. The *New York Herald* was quoted as commenting:

Like all settlements, this one strikes a compromise between extremes. . . . In essence the solution offers each party the one thing most important to it: the British, their base; the Greek-Cypriots, self-government; and the Turkish minority, assured security within a larger community.

From France, the Socialist *Le Populaire* said that this settlement of an unhappy conflict marked a reinforcement of Nato. The independent *Le Monde* welcomed the solution as bringing hope that the Algerian problem, also one of the relation between two communities, might be settled as well. From West Germany, *Die Welt* was quoted as saying:

There is in history scarcely an example of a Great Power which has arranged for two smaller countries to negotiate among themselves the release of a territory from the sovereignty of that Great Power. That England has laid upon herself these unusual self-limitations is to the advantage of the whole Western world. Through a solution of the Cyprus problem it will become stronger and more united.

Did You Hear That?

SEALS OF THE FARNE ISLANDS

'SEALS ARE fascinating creatures', said GRACE HICKLING in 'The Naturalist'. 'Every visitor to the Farnes sees some of them bobbing out of the water to inspect the boat as it passes by. But if you go out at low water, as we did a few days ago, you get wonderful views of them hauled out on the rocks—battle-scarred old bulls, speckled cows, and silvery-brown yearlings and two-year-olds—all huddled so closely together that it is none too easy to count them.

'But if you really want to study seals, you go in late autumn when the calves are born and the adults are ashore on the breeding islands. I have been visiting the nurseries for over twelve years now, and it is amazing how the habits of the seals have changed. As soon as the boats appeared the adults used to rush headlong into the water: now, even if some do go away, they soon come back and carry on with their normal lives. In fact you cannot get near some of the calves, to tag or weigh them, because their mothers just will not leave them.

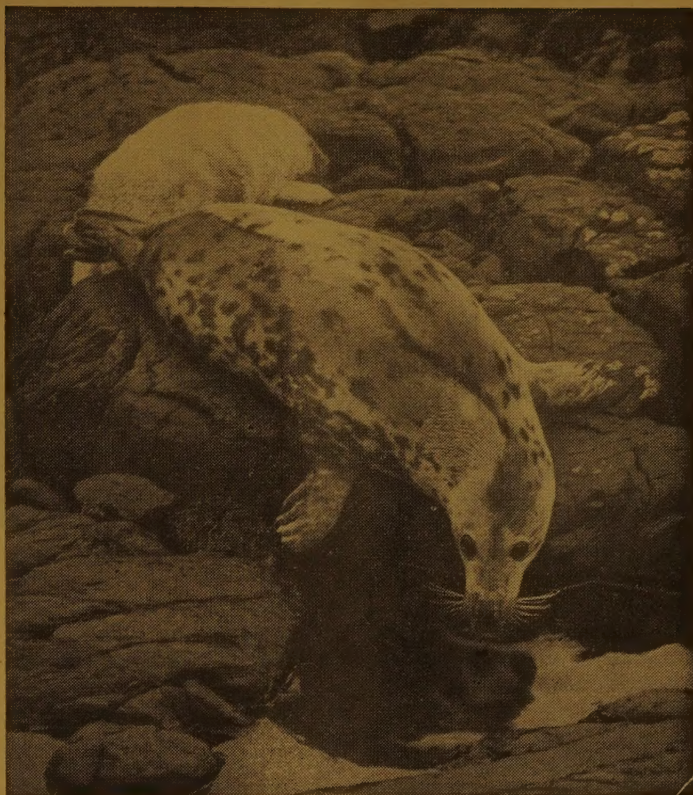
'Seal milk is rich—fifty per cent. fat—and young seal calves quickly put on an enormous amount of weight. One recently gained more than eighty pounds in seventeen days. By the time they are weaned they have generally moulted their first coats and appear in a much shorter second coat, usually grey in colour: though I have seen some beautiful black and silver calves and even occasionally a jet black one.

'We have been marking young seals with identity tags since 1951, for the Northumberland and Durham Natural History Society, and we have had some good recoveries. I got a letter recently telling me that six of those I tagged in November have already been found: one in Norway, another in Holland, and a third spotted from a helicopter on a beach in the North of England and described as "an uninjured but very anti-social beast". The Norwegian one was the fourth from Norway, and within a mile or two of the first one, which was also the first grey seal ever tagged. He covered 400 miles in a fortnight at less than six weeks old.

'In addition to tagging we have been colour-marking and weighing them and measuring the death rate in the nurseries. But it will take several more years before we discover what is really happening in this colony—which is one of the reasons why naturalists think it should be left undisturbed'.

REBIRTH OF 4½d. STAMP

'Last week, for the first time for more than sixty years we could buy a 4½d. stamp at the post office', said KENNETH CHAPMAN in 'Today'. What intrigued him was the completely contrary



Cow grey seal with cub on Farne Island

reasons for the issue of these 4½d. stamps—one in 1892 and one in 1959.

'In 1892', he said, 'the inland rate for a parcel was 6d. for the first pound with an extra 3d. for the next pound. In that year—contrary to present tendencies—the rate went down to 3d. for the first pound and to 4½d. for parcels up to two pounds in weight. It was to save having to use two stamps to meet the frequent call for this two-pound-parcel rate that Britain issued a 4½d. stamp for the first time, in the closing years of the Victorian era. It was an attractively coloured green and red stamp with Queen Victoria's portrait on it. A further reduction in the parcel rate to 4d. for the two-pound sealed the fate of the 4½d. stamp, which became "redundant" in 1897. It is not a rare stamp today

but it is a popular one, and collectors pay about 4s. for it unused and 2s. 6d. for a fine used example. A variety less frequently met with is the same stamp overprinted with "Government Parcels" in black. It was one of a series issued for official use in the days before the magic letters "O.H.M.S." eliminated the need for stamps on official communications.

'The only other time a 4½d. stamp would have been useful was when the inland letter rate became 1½d. between the two wars and the inland registration fee was 3d. However, the Post Office could not be persuaded to issue a 4½d. stamp to cover this rate because they preferred to encourage the public to use the official registered envelopes when registration of a letter was required.

'Today, instead of a one-pound parcel for 3d., you can send only a one-ounce letter for 3d. And a two-pound parcel is 1s. 9d. instead of 4½d. For 4½d. you can send only a two-ounce letter. Since many letters with enclosures weigh more than an ounce, millions are posted with a 3d. plus a 1½d. stamp on them to make



Bull seal resting

Photographs: H. R. Lowes



The south front of the fourteenth-century tithe barn at Bradford-on-Avon and—

up the rate. So the Post Office will now save themselves the time and trouble of selling two stamps where one will do, and postal clerks throughout the land will have fewer stamps to lick and stick each afternoon'.

THE TITHE BARN AT BRADFORD-ON-AVON

The fourteenth-century tithe barn at Bradford-on-Avon is the finest of the three big barns still existing in this country. The cost of maintaining the barn grew beyond local means, and when dilapidation became so serious that the barn was unsafe, the Ministry of Works took it over and the work of restoring it started in 1951. Some days ago BRENDA HAMILTON described in 'The Eye-witness' how the work is progressing.

'You can walk to the barn', she said, 'over the fields and over the little stone bridge that crosses the river Avon. The farm on which it stands, in what was known as the Manor of Bradford, once belonged to a nunnery; the manor grew rich and the barn was built to house the tithes that were usually paid in kind—bulky produce of the land, such as corn and hay.

'At first sight it was the size of the barn that impressed me most. Inside, in the gloom, I saw a farm cart standing at the far end, and it looked like a toy. But when my eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, I looked at the roof and realized that this is the real wonder of the place. The huge oak timbers form arches down the length of the barn and bear the roof span: 10,000 square feet, 100 tons in weight. This roof has been the main cause of the dilapidation; its weight, pressing on timbers that have decayed, has pushed out the walls.

'I saw one of the trusses revealed ready for replacement, the huge oak timber eaten away at the base to a mere spindle. The job of reconditioning calls for much skill and patience. The architect in charge told me that he often has to wait for just the right type of workman: not only a skilled craftsman but one whose heart is in the job. He has to wait, too, for just the right kind of timber: oak from trees that have grown in the right direction, with grain following the curve of the arch they are going to replace.

'All original material that is in good condition is preserved. Photographs of the walls have been taken and the stones numbered, so that they can be replaced in exactly the same positions. The hundreds of tiles on the roof have been carefully taken down and stored, and any additions

will come from other old buildings of the same type.

'Seven men have been working on this job for seven years; they hope to finish in the spring of 1960. That may seem a long time, but not so long perhaps, when you remember this barn has weathered the winters and summers of 600 years, and that when this job is done it should be good for another 600'.

EXPORTING SHAKESPEARE

'Painting and music are universal languages and they need little or no translation', said ROBERT SPEAIGHT in a talk in the General Overseas Service, 'but literature is a different matter, and literature is far and away the most precious thing that we have to export, and the greatest thing in our literature is Shakespeare.

'I have recently returned from a lecture tour in Tunisia, Morocco, and Spain, in the course of which I spoke about the problems of putting Shakespeare on the stage, and also gave recitals from his works. One thing about these lecture tours always make me sad. If you have done your job properly, you leave your audience hungry for more. They want to see

Shakespeare acted by English actors. In France and Germany, Italy and Switzerland, the Low Countries and Scandinavia, this desire has occasionally been fulfilled. Some of the best English companies have toured these countries since the war, and the company from Stratford upon Avon is shortly to go to Moscow. But these are all countries where English is much better understood than it is in North Africa or Spain. Tours are costly things to organize, and those who send them out must be able to count on audiences of a reasonable size.

'The content of a Shakespeare play is so rich that a foreigner will get much more out of a performance of, say, *Julius Caesar*, of which he only understands a third, than out of a performance of a modern play—even a very good modern play—of which he may understand three-quarters. Remember that Shakespeare has been universally translated; that some of his themes—*Julius Caesar* is a case in point—are universal themes; and that several of his plays have already been exported, though perhaps with dubbed voices, on the screen. One thing above all, however, my experience has taught me: the essence of Shakespeare can be communicated without any stage accessories, and certainly without any elaborate stage production. His word, when you speak it properly, has the same magic in Morocco that it has in Mayfair; perhaps it has more, because many people are hearing it for the first time'.



—the interior of the barn, where huge oak timbers form arches and bear the span of the roof

Photographs: Crown copyright reserved

Misconceptions of Freedom

By NOEL ANNAN

EVERY schoolboy, as Macaulay used to say, learns the distinction between 'freedom from' and 'freedom to'. Sir Isaiah Berlin took these two concepts as the theme of his inaugural lecture at Oxford*; and with good reason, for freedom has been discussed in terms of negative and positive freedom for the past century in England.

Negative freedom is the notion that, if I am prevented by other people from doing what I want, I am to that extent unfree. Freedom from restraint, freedom from arrest, freedom from the necessity of paying Ship Money or being coerced in this way or that—'freedom from' was the traditional English way of defining freedom. Hobbes and Locke defined it in this way: and the advocates of negative freedom, such as Mill, admitted that while there must be laws, the laws infringed every man's freedom. They therefore tried to put in a corral a range of human actions which were to be treated as sacred and untouchable and in which each individual could gallop or amble as he saw fit.

Self-Realization as an Objective

The advocates of positive freedom disapproved of this definition. They asked what prevented a man from being free. The laws certainly. But was it not often man himself? Men want, or would want if they were wiser, to act in such a way that everyone would be free. Free to do what? To lead the good life, to control and eliminate fruitless or evil or unrealizable desires, to realize their own higher self. From this the next step was to declare that there was one main object in life—self-realization—and the free man was he who achieved this objective. Self-realization does not mean realizing what I at any time may want to do. I may be by nature a gambler. But if it can be shown that gambling is liable to ruin me and my family and make them less free, less able to realize themselves, then I will surely willingly renounce it in favour of other objectives which will be the same as any other rational man would desire. If, then, the state forces me to stop gambling by its laws, it cannot be said to be coercing me: it is merely enabling me to do what I would want to do if I were in full possession of all the facts. 'What is freedom?' asks Egmont in Goethe's tragedy: and Alva answers 'To do what is right'.

The idea of positive freedom is not, Professor Berlin allows, a ludicrous miasma. It is animated by men's desires to control their own destinies, to emerge as independent nations bound together in a common culture, or to make their society more prosperous or equitable. Nevertheless it springs from a fundamental misconception, and this is that all the different ends which men strive towards can be harmoniously reconciled. Professor Berlin says that this is demonstrably false. Self-perfection, whether in its religious or in its social forms, may be elevating: but in fact men's ideals differ, the ideals are many, not one, and they are always in conflict. How do we choose when each of these ideals makes absolute claims upon us? By our vision of what life should be: and as each of us has a different vision, society will never agree exactly to what extent we should sacrifice freedom for security, or equality for initiative. Believing that there are many values and not one supreme value in which all others can be reconciled, Professor Berlin concludes by coming down heavily on the side of negative freedom.

To me this is balm in Gilead. When I was an undergraduate I was taught at King's to worship negative liberty and to reject the idealists and the Marxists at a time when it was unfashionable to do so. But if Professor Berlin's standpoint is traditional, his lecture is in fact far more original than it looks. And here, I think, he has done himself a disservice by the framework on which he chose to hang his theme. His lecture is marked by that nobility of outlook and complete absence of parochialism that are the hallmarks of this ecumenical intelligence. But this very nobility has made Professor Berlin weave it in the shape of a spell for use in

the Cold War—a spell which is designed to ward off the evil angel of positive freedom that points the way to totalitarianism and tyranny.

A Misleading Search

That the conflict between Western liberalism and communism is the loftiest political theme of our times is undeniable. But this search into the origin of our sins—for communism as an ideal was born in the West—seems to me now to be otiose and even misleading. Professor Popper put it down to the sin of asking why our rulers are who they are: Professor Oakeshott to the sin of rationalism—responsible alike for Hitler, Stalin, and Lord Attlee: Dr. Talmon saw it in the perfectionist doctrines of the eighteenth-century philosophers. Professor Berlin believes that as a professor's ideas can destroy civilizations, professors in consequence have a duty to expose error and disarm them. For the past twelve years disarmament has been in full swing, and I would have thought that historical determinism, the real will, utopianism and democratic pretensions had recently taken a tremendous pasting. There is *some* truth in all of these analyses, and they are not as vulgar as the tendency during the war to lay the crimes of Hitler at the door of individual thinkers or artists such as Hegel or Nietzsche or Wagner. But they divert attention from other aspects of political theory that are more important.

Certainly these theories are dubious history. When we look back, who have preserved the idea of freedom in English political theory? Not that arch-advocate of negative freedom, Herbert Spencer. He was willing to accept a mechanistic despotism, more squalid than anything that Marx advocated, because he thought governmental interference synonymous with despotism and welcomed the struggle for the survival of the fittest in society. No: it was that high-minded Oxford theist T. H. Green and the fearless Tawney who, though guilty of logical confusion in propagating positive freedom, prevented the word freedom from falling into complete contempt. If freedom was misused by totalitarian thinkers, it was also used by aristocrats and capitalists to oppose governmental measures to improve the lot of the poor. On the Continent this led to the total discredit of liberalism and the acceptance of fascism and communism. I still think Professor Berlin to be right when he says that these governmental measures decreased the freedom of all people, however much they increased the range of choice for the poor who were now enabled to enjoy freedoms which formerly were mainly nominal. But I wish that for once he had been parochial and had forgotten the struggle in ideas between communism and democracy and had examined these concepts in relation to Western politics.

Collapse of Political Philosophy

We all know why positive freedom enjoyed—perhaps still enjoys—a vogue in England. Some conjuring trick was needed in 1900 to persuade intellectual Liberals that belief in freedom was compatible with social insurance and trade unions. So, too, most of the socialists who had rejected Marx needed the doctrine of self-realization in order to argue that any curtailment in the freedom of one class, and extension in that of another, enabled everyone to lead better lives. But, more than anything else, positive freedom prevented political philosophy, which had been moribund ever since 1914, from actually dying and stinking. What has characterized Western political thought since 1945? The almost total collapse of political philosophy—in the sense that Mill or Green or Marx wrote it. Why are Burke and de Tocqueville regarded today as far wiser than Rousseau or Bentham? Because they seem in all their limitations (and, in the case of Burke, self-contradictions and evasions) to make fewer mistakes about the nature of politics than the more famous philosophers who explain the whole of politics in terms of some generalizations about human nature

* *Two Conceptions of Liberty*, Oxford, 5s.

and society; and from this deduce how society is to be changed for the better. Political philosophy was always heuristic and we are all sceptical that any course of political action can be deduced and justified from general principles about human nature and society. As a result today the theory of democratic socialism, for instance, is in a state of appalling confusion and emptiness.

Forces Diminishing Freedom

But there is a more fundamental reason why we look to De Tocqueville as our model. He suggested what sociologists emphasize today: that it is misleading not only to explain politics in terms of one theory but to explain it in terms of the individual. For instance, we know that some of the most powerful forces that diminish freedom are the forces of social control—religious and moral taboos, customs, and conventions, the pressures of public and group opinion. The 'I' of the classical political philosophers is a figment. So, too, is the bourgeois or the proletariat—those two ultimately Marxist monolithic 'I's. In their place, in sociology today, stands a creature who plays a multitude of roles belonging to dozens of in-groups, in some of which he may feel free, whereas in others—such as his job or his race—he may be conscious of grinding tyranny. The champions of positive freedom tried faintly to take this—the problem of social relationships—into account, and I agree with Professor Berlin that they made a fine hash of it: they could only do so and still continue talking as political philosophers by grossly perverting the meaning of words. But at any rate they tried to integrate these factors within their system, whereas the advocates of negative freedom had no apparatus at all capable of dealing with them.

Here are some concrete examples of these factors and their influence on intellectual freedom. The laws which define a man's freedom to express his opinions in Britain and the United States are largely the same as they have been for generations. What has varied is the degree to which a man may suffer grave embarrassment, or, even worse, for expressing them. Fear of being embroiled in futile and malignant controversy impedes free discussion today: why should anyone give his frank opinion on any topic publicly when he knows it will be distorted deliberately by the editors of the popular press? Not that editors and proprietors are solely wicked: they may help to create public taste, but that taste certainly dictates to them. The circulation of *The Observer*, which was rapidly increasing at the time of the Suez adventure, suddenly stood still and thus presumably lost tens of thousands of potential readers owing to the stand it took on that issue. *The Observer* may be able to continue in its independence. But consider the case of a small journal which outrages its loyal followers by its editorial stand on some issue, or by publishing an eccentric article from a contributor—what chance has it of placating and regaining its audience if it courageously continues to outrage it?

McCarthyism and American Students

In the United States the long-term effect of McCarthyism on students is to be seen, says David Riesman, in a kind of intellectual wariness in expressing their views in front of adults, and Mary McCarthy's well-known novel *The Groves of Academe* indicates the disastrous effect of liberals adopting a party line which imposes itself upon them when they are faced with persecution. Every sub-group in society which feels its status is being attacked or whittled away by social change will tend to become anti-libertarian—indeed, the growth of a meritocracy based on education is certain to beget opposition which will express itself in opposing intellectual freedom and upholding censorship and other anti-libertarian tendencies. Our freedom in Britain and America is more often curtailed not by the state but within the in-groups to which we belong, often in those to which we belong voluntarily. Riesman's famous analysis in *The Lonely Crowd* of the modern patterns of conformity demonstrates magically how freedom is curtailed by them.

It is the sociologists, and not the philosophers, who have thrown most light on liberty since the war. Why is this? It is not, as Professor Berlin suggests, solely because philosophers have been intoxicated by their achievements in more abstract realms, nor even that philosophers rely on general principles about what goes on in society while sociologists substantiate their assertions with

evidence based on observations. It is because political philosophy traditionally explains political phenomena in terms of the individual. 'I am normally said to be free to the degree to which no human being interferes with my activity', writes Professor Berlin, and then he extrapolates from the 'I' to society. But who is this 'I'? Professor Berlin, in a brilliant footnote, pulverizes the statement 'Freedom for an Oxford don is a very different thing from freedom for an Egyptian peasant': the peasant needs clothes and medicine, he says, more than personal liberty; but the freedom he needs today and will need tomorrow is not a kind of freedom peculiar to him but identical with that of professors, artists, and millionaires. In logic it is: but in the vague sense in which people *feel* that they are free, which is the subject-matter of sociology, it is not. Not only is the English don different from the Egyptian peasant, but he is different from men in dozens of other status groups in his own society: so that the 'I' of political philosophy is a singularly bloodless abstraction.

If sociology does anything of value, it shows how dangerous it is to extrapolate from the 'I' to society without taking into account the myriad of sub-groups to which every individual belongs: by refusing to do this Bertrand Russell, for example, makes his political writings almost valueless. If, as Professor Berlin rightly says, we must be guided in our judgments by what men actually think and feel, and not by what reason dictates they should think and feel, their misjudgments, however gross, must be taken into account when we discuss the actual state of freedom in any particular culture. The total social situation in which a man finds himself must be analysed if the term freedom is to become meaningful for him; and since each man's situation is slightly different from those of his peer-group and markedly different from those of other groups (such as millionaires), we can never get agreement about the amount of liberty which any society enjoys—except that as defined by the advocates of negative freedom, the area left free from formal governmental interference: which is a useful guide but far from a total description. Professor Berlin, I think, would agree with this, since he says in a footnote that total patterns of life must be compared directly as wholes although the method by which we make those conclusions are difficult or impossible to demonstrate.

An End in Itself

Yet there could be no better demonstration than his lecture that philosophers can still deepen our knowledge of politics. Professor Berlin's originality and courage lie in boldly asserting with Acton that freedom is an end in itself, and explaining, as Acton did not, how this can be. It is so only if we realize that its claims are irreconcilable with other absolute claims and that there is no harmonious common good towards which mankind should be striving. Professor Berlin has made a genuine contribution to moral philosophy. His lecture is at last a justification of what was finest in the liberalism of the inter-war years in England—a justification of freedom to be what you are. It is a deep criticism of puritanism, whether it claims to be an assertion in favour of goodness or significance or awareness. This pluralism strikes at the heart of many religious, moral and aesthetic doctrines common today. We cannot measure people, or moral systems or literature against a single standard, however subtly organized that standard may be. This, I believe to be the true liberal's faith, and its concomitant virtue, tolerance, is born of compassion for the infinite variety of human character and the social situations or predicaments in which human beings find themselves.

For saying something to this effect three years ago I was attacked by the poet and critic, Mr. Donald Davie, for being frivolous. It is not a frivolous argument but very much in earnest. Mr. Davie attacked me in the name, I think, of discrimination, and, of course, the problem of discrimination remains. On what principle are we to say: 'This rather than that: *this* is better, more admirable, more to be praised and commended than those other things?' Here, says Professor Berlin, we are to be guided by our sense of what constitutes a fulfilled human life. Is this self-realization brought in by the back door? I do not think so, and I put my trust in Professor Berlin's use of the indefinite article, 'A human life'. There are many ways in which men fulfil their lives, and some of them are exceedingly strange.

—Third Programme

America's Unique Folk Hero

DAVID DONALD on Abraham Lincoln

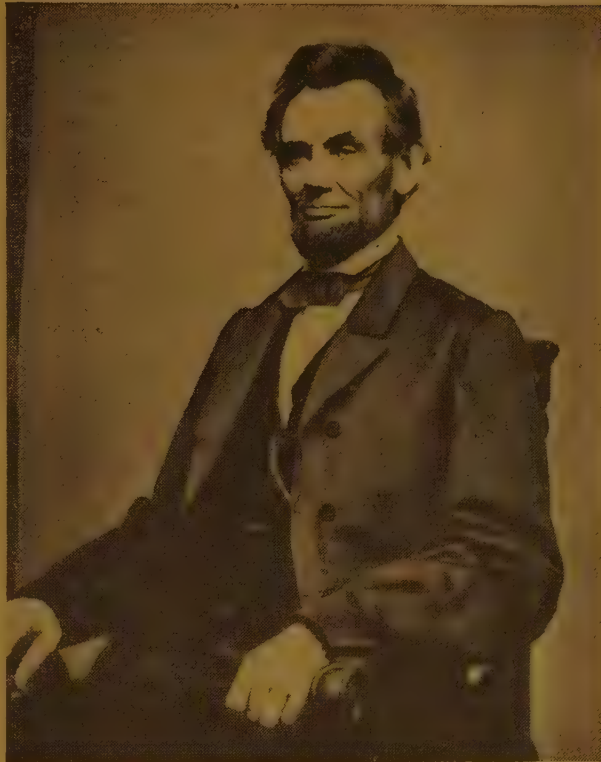
FEBRUARY 12, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, occupies a place in the American national calendar equalled only by July 4 as an occasion for ceremonial celebration. Lincoln has emerged as our nation's principal folk hero. His popularity is unchallenged by that of any other American public figure. The Lincoln cult has become almost an American religion. In Illinois, for example, teachers are directed to devote at least half of the day of February 12 to public exercises, patriotic music, recitations of sayings and verses and speeches. The schoolchildren are to conclude the celebration by chanting in unison, with their faces turned towards Springfield, Lincoln's home, the following ritual:

A blend of mirth and sadness,
Smiles and tears,
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers.
A homely hero born a star in sod,
A peasant prince, a masterpiece of God.

Every detail of Lincoln's career fosters an enormous body of myth and legend. More than 4,000 books about Lincoln have already been published, and dozens of others appear every year. The Lincoln theme has been almost an obsession with American writers. Most of our major novelists, poets, dramatists, and historians have felt impelled to commemorate his achievements. Today Lincoln is a non-partisan, super-sectional hero. Democrats as well as Republicans eulogize him; Southerners as well as Northerners admire him.

It is difficult for a historian to explain just why Abraham Lincoln has become such a central symbol of American democracy. At first glance, there would appear to be many legitimate reasons why Lincoln's birthday should not be commemorated as a national holiday. He was, after all, a leader in a sanguinary civil war which cost the United States 700,000 men killed or wounded, and more than 20 billions of dollars in property losses. The Civil War left behind an angry scar, still not entirely healed. It would, one thinks, be more natural to detest or to forget a name so intimately connected with our country's tragic era.

The present popularity of Lincoln seems further inexplicable when one looks at his contemporary reputation. Most Southerners

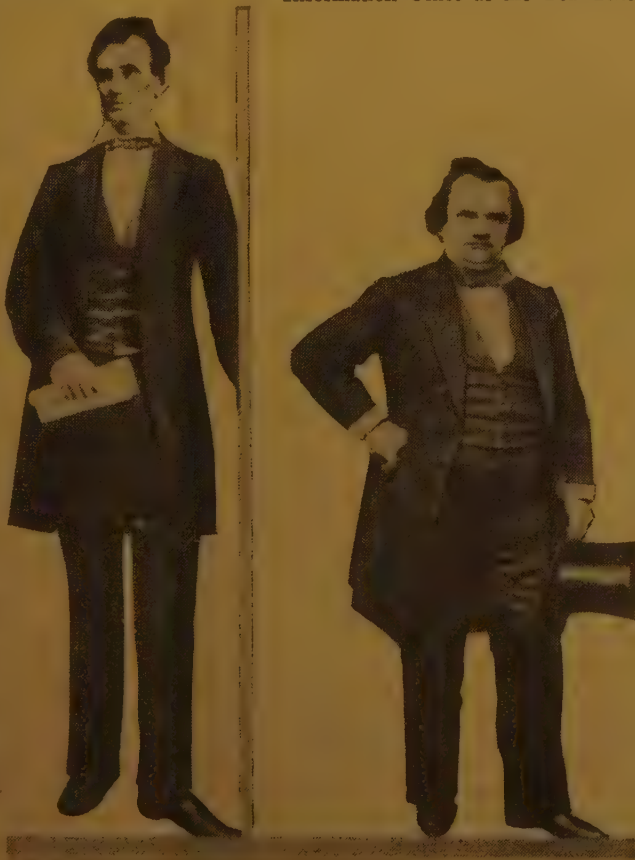


President Abraham Lincoln: a photograph taken by Mathew Brady in 1864. Below: Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, his Democrat opponent in the election for the Senate in 1858. Both illustrations are from an exhibition organized by the U.S. Information Office at the Tea Centre, Regent Street, London

regarded him as an instrument of the devil, intent upon bringing destruction and social revolution to their soil. He was, they asserted, a man of coarse nature, a self-seeking politician who craved high office to satisfy his own burning desire for distinction. But one does not have to turn to the South to hear Lincoln abused as a tyrant, a dictator, a usurper. Northern Democratic newspapers throughout the war denounced the President as 'A slang-wanging, stump speaker, a mole-eyed monster with soul of leather'. 'The present turtle at the head of the government'. 'The head ghoul at Washington'. Northern anti-slavery men were almost as harsh in condemning the President. Abolitionists, irked by Lincoln's slowness to move against slavery,

decided he was a 'Simple Susan as stubborn as a mule'. They called him 'A baboon, an aimless punster, a smutty joker'. 'Lincoln', sneered the abolitionist Wendell Phillips, was 'a huckster in politics. A first-rate second-rate man'. Over a year after Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, a group of Iowa anti-slavery men declared that the President, a Kentuckian by birth and his brothers-in-law being in the rebel army, 'is evidently, by his sympathies with the owners of slaves, checked in crushing the rebellion by severe measures against the slave holders'.

Nor can one attribute the posthumous veneration of Lincoln to the fact that he was the leader of the successful side in the Civil War. Popular acclaim is capricious in such matters. To be sure, if a Lincoln was to achieve enduring reputation, his name had to be connected with grave crises and important events in history. It is difficult to see how a John Tyler, a James A. Garfield, or a Calvin Coolidge, even had they been men of outstanding personalities and intellects, could have become dominant figures in American history. Successful leadership in a crisis is not alone enough to make an historical personage loved by his people. George Washington remains a formidably distant personage to most Americans, a marble statue rather than a living man; and, we should remember, it is the defeated Robert E. Lee rather than the victorious



Ulysses S. Grant who is the most admired general of the Civil War.

For the secret of Lincoln's enduring hold upon the American imagination we must turn to certain basic qualities of his personality, in which our people have found their dreams and aspirations most accurately personified. To isolate these elements we must read not the scholarly and objective biographies of Lincoln by such men as James G. Randall or Benjamin P. Thomas, but we must turn to that vast body of ephemeral Lincolniana, which by its very inaccuracies and distortions suggest the personality traits in Lincoln which Americans have found most endearing.

The 'Rags-to-Riches' Motif

Surely the dominant theme in all popular writing about Lincoln is the rags-to-riches motif. In American folklore, Abraham Lincoln has become a kind of prototype of the Horatio Alger hero, the original self-made man. Certain key images constantly recur. The rude log cabin in Kentucky where Lincoln was born, the half-fenced camp in Indiana open to the winter winds, where he spent his boyhood. The dangerous flat boats on which he laboured upon the Mississippi river, and, most of all, the fence rails which his sturdy axe hewed from the virgin forest.

The recent historical research which has questioned all of these stereotypes has not at all altered the American popular conception of Lincoln. The tale of Lincoln's life of labour that brought forth his kingly qualities of soul has become a part of our American tradition. Our poets appraise his Civil War Administration in terms of these early struggles. 'Out yonder, spreading rails, his mind had fed on freedom and now he could oppose to rout'. A second trait praised and exaggerated by virtually every biographer of Lincoln is the war President's sense of humour. For this, as for the poor-boy-makes-good theme, there was a substantial basis in fact. Contemporaries agree that Mr. Lincoln was a very funny man. His audience in his 1858 debates against Stephen A. Douglas must have been convulsed to hear Lincoln refer to his opponent's argument as 'being as thin as the homeopathic soup that was made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had starved to death'. And those of stronger stomachs must have laughed when Lincoln said that an often-repeated accusation made by Justice Douglas reminded him of a little story about the fisherman's wife whose drowned husband was brought home with his body full of eels. When she was asked what was to be done with him, she replied: 'Take the eels out and set him again'.

But most of Lincoln's writing is as serious as a statute book, for he was aware that levity could be a political liability. It is safe to say that Lincoln himself never even heard of most of the standard Lincoln anecdotes. But the scarcity of authenticated stories has not materially affected our popular stereotype of Lincoln. In his own lifetime peddlars hawked a cheap collection entitled *Old Abe's Jokes—Fresh From Abraham's Bosom*, and the Lincoln story has become the standard ingredient of both Joe Miller's joke books and of American political oratory ever since. The American people for generation upon generation have chosen to make their principal national hero a humorist.

A Great Humanitarian

Equally pervasive is the popular belief in Lincoln the great humanitarian. Again, there has been a basic factual justification for the stories of how Lincoln dealt leniently with sleeping sentinels, homesick runaways, cowards, and criminals. Lincoln called himself 'pigeon hearted', and his writings show how often the busy President intervened with bureaucrats and military officials to urge mercy. Popular Lincolniana has elaborately embroidered upon these incidents, forgetting that Lincoln often used pardon and amnesty as a political weapon and ignoring that the President was personally interested in perfecting new and more deadly armaments, such as the explosive bullet which had the effect of penetrating and bursting within human flesh. Indeed, if one credits the most widely circulated Lincoln biographies, one wonders how the bewildered Civil War President could have found time for anything except comforting widows, orphans, and wounded veterans. 'No man clothed with such vast power ever

wielded it more tenderly and forbearingly', an Indiana Congressman once declared. 'No man holding in his hands the key of life and death ever pardoned so many offenders, and so easily'.

Years after the war was over, the Congressman thought he could remember Lincoln's exact words as he pardoned a young deserter: 'Some of my generals complain that I impair discipline by my frequent pardons and reprieves; but it rests me after a day's hard work that I can find some excuse for saving some poor fellow's life, and I shall go to bed happy tonight as I think how joyous the signing of this name will make himself, his family, and his friends'. The words and the story may lack historical verification, but Americans persistently hold this image of their Civil War President as a man of enormous compassion.

One may question the value of repeating these popular stereotypes about Lincoln: Lincoln the boot-strap hero, Lincoln the humorist, Lincoln the humanitarian. A historian conventionally assaults these air castles of national mythology, uses the sharp tools of historical criticism to raze the imaginary structures, purifies the ground with a liberal sprinkling of holy water in the form of footnotes, and erects a new and authentic edifice. Such an approach has its merits, but there is also value in examining Lincoln legends. These legends indicate the qualities that we most admire and desire in ourselves. That the folklore about Lincoln has stressed the great war-time President's ambition, humour, and compassion speaks well for the essential dignity and humanity of our nation's aspirations. Americans can be proud that, to the central figure of our history, our folklore has attributed all the decent qualities of civilized man.—*Home Service*

IT MAY NO LONGER be said that the most distinguished writing on the American Civil War is English. One manifestation of the newly nationalist temper of the American people is a self-consciousness about the national tradition. American history, between the wars the concern of graduate students with no foreign languages, has become the height of popular fashion; and there has arisen a new generation of historical writers, trained in the technical use of sources but able to capture the general reader with an irresistible narrative. As in this country, some of the best of this kind of history is written off campus, especially that of the Civil War, where patriotism, sectional pride, a high action subject and meticulous documentation make a peculiarly American genre. John Pullen in *The Twentieth Maine: a Volunteer Regiment in the Civil War* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30s.), has written a brilliant history of a single regiment whose record with the Army of the Potomac earned it a part in the surrender ceremony at Appomattox. The ubiquitous Civil War pundits of Britain will find excitement in being taken vividly through some of their favourite battles from Fredericksburg by way of Gettysburg, where the regiment performed a pivotal role, to the Wilderness. Mr. Pullen explains with a few good maps exactly where the regiment is and what it is doing and, by choosing significant detail, gives a *coup Poel* quality to his battle pieces. He clearly knows war and conveys its meaning without romanticism or melodrama.

But the book is more than regimental history. Diaries and letters make articulate the developing attitudes of men of all ranks. For instance, there is Sergeant Owen who wrote during Chancellorsville: 'I have no opinions to express about the Genr'ls or the men. I leave it in the hands of God. I don't want to think of it at all'. Throughout Mr. Pullen pursues the quality of leadership, especially in the actions of the man who is the real hero of the book: Joshua Chamberlain, the ex-professor who became a highly intelligent, resourceful, much wounded, and decorated field commander. Chamberlain, a stern but attractive officer, kept a diary written in good Victorian prose which reveals much of the best in Union aspirations. Of the overwhelming vote for Lincoln over the beloved McClellan in the Army of the Potomac he wrote:

The fact that this war was in its reach of meaning and consequent effect so much more than what are commonly called 'civil wars'—this being a war to test and finally determine the character of the interior constitution and real organic life of this great people—brought into the field an amount of thoughtfulness and moral reflection not usual in armies.

Chamberlain's actions and reflections give this book a rare quality.

FRANK THISTLETHWAITE

Detecting Archaeological Remains

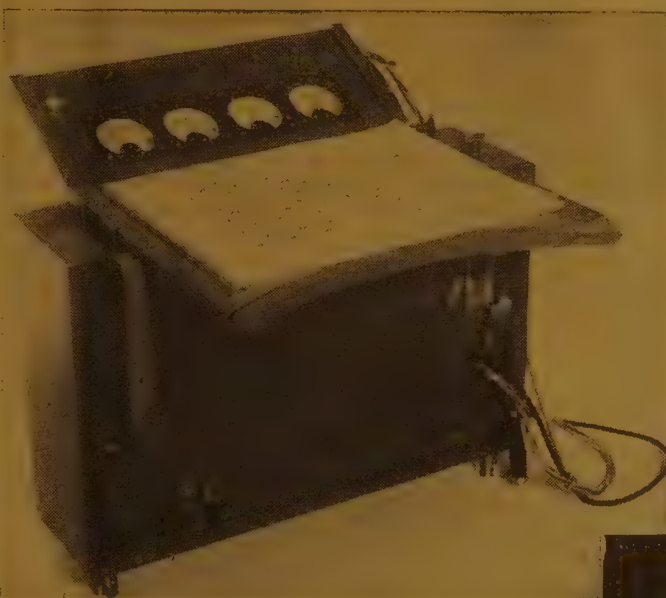
M. J. AITKEN on the proton magnetometer

LAST spring, in the fields bordering the site of the Roman town of Durobrivae, near Peterborough in Northamptonshire, I measured the speed of gyration of the nucleus of the hydrogen atom; that is, a proton. I measured this speed at five-foot intervals over a large area, and in one spot I found that it was a little faster than elsewhere. A test-hole was dug and at a yard down we found the upper rim of a Romano-British pottery kiln.

My purpose on the site had been to locate quickly any pottery kilns that lay along the new route of the Great North Road, so that archaeologists would have an opportunity to examine them before the bulldozers moved in. That this might be a good method of archaeological prospecting had been suggested by a Cambridge geophysicist, John Belshé, in 1956, and I was making this first trial of it thanks to the enthusiasm and initiative of the archaeologist conducting the excavations there, Graham Webster.

The link between Roman kilns and protons is magnetism. Protons are sensitive to the proximity of a magnet and a Roman pottery kiln can be regarded as a magnet, strong enough to make an appreciable difference to the behaviour of any protons within ten feet of it.

The instrument used is called a proton magnetometer. It consists of two parts: the sensing element, or 'eye', which is a half-



The two parts of the proton magnetometer: the sensing element or 'eye' (right) is connected by cable to the analysing circuits or 'brain' (above)

pint bottle of water with a 1,000-turn coil of wire wound tightly around it; and the analysing circuits or 'brain' to which the bottle coil is connected by a long, flexible cable. The protons under observation are simply the nuclei of the hydrogen atoms, which are a constituent part of the water in the bottle. To understand why a proton gyrates we must regard it as a tiny gyroscope along the axis of which is fixed a short bar magnet. The bar magnet property of the proton means that, like a compass needle, it tends to point magnetic north, but the gyroscopic property tries to prevent this. If you hold a spinning



bicycle wheel with the axle horizontal and try to twist it to be vertical, you find that instead of doing what you want it to, it gyrates around the direction you are aiming at. The harder you try to twist the axle, the faster the gyrations. Exactly the same is true of the protons: the stronger the magnetic force trying to line them up, the faster they gyrate; so, by measuring the speed of gyration, you can deduce the magnetic strength existing wherever you care to place the bottle of water.

The gyrations of the proton do not continue indefinitely; in fact the gyroscopic nature of the proton is able to prevent the magnetic lining up for only three or four seconds. Once the protons are lined up there are no gyrations and nothing to measure. So before each measurement you have to turn a majority of the protons at right angles to their final direction. This is done by applying a magnetic force about a hundred times stronger than the one being measured and in an east-west direction. Such a polarizing force is conveniently obtained by passing a current of an amp through the coil around the bottle. The polarizing force is applied for five seconds and as soon as it is switched off the protons perform their lining-up gyrations. During the few seconds for which these gyrations last one has to make one's measurement.

Because the proton is like a bar magnet, it produces—when it gyrates—an alternating voltage in the coil around the bottle, like a dynamo. The voltage produced is somewhat smaller and even when all the protons gyrate in step only a millionth part of a volt is produced in the coil. This is the same coil that had just been used in the pre-measurement polarizing process and it is now switched to a very sensitive amplifier which increases the size of the voltage nearly a million times. This is then big enough to permit an accurate measurement of its frequency, which is identical with the number of times each proton gyrates per second, and that is what we want to know. Transistors are used in all the circuits, and as a result the instrument is quite portable. It weighs only 23 lb. including accumulators.

Why should archaeological features disturb the normal mag-



A proton magnetometer being used at Dorchester, just south of Oxford, to trace the course of a Roman ditch

netism at the surface of the Earth? It is common knowledge that a lump of iron upsets a compass and so it is readily acceptable that the proton magnetometer should be a sensitive detector of iron nails and horse-shoes. But it is less well known that there is an ore of iron called lodestone which is highly magnetic. This formed the needle of the early mariner's compass. The magnetically active part of the lodestone is appropriately called magnetite, and it is the presence of a small quantity of magnetite in the clay walls of a Roman pottery kiln that is the cause of the magnetic disturbance that makes detection possible.

Baked Clay

To understand why it is only clay that has been baked which gives rise to such a disturbance we have to think again in terms of little bar magnets. This time one is representing the magnetic effect of a particle of iron oxide rather than of a proton. In unbaked clay these particles all point in random directions so that the resultant magnetic effect is zero. It is true that they are subject to a lining-up force due to the Earth's magnetism, but at normal temperatures they are not free to move. If, however, the clay is heated to a dull red heat (about 700 degrees C.) they are able to line-up, and when the clay cools down again they are all fixed in the same direction in this lined-up situation, so the resultant magnetism is appreciable. True, it is still weak, and a kiln six feet down produces a change of only 2 parts in 1,000 in the normal magnetism at the Earth's surface.

Since the proton magnetometer can detect much smaller changes than this, it is also possible to detect other, less bulky, archaeological features where heating has occurred. While on a Bronze Age site in Cyprus last year I detected several domestic hearths and also the remains of a house that had been destroyed by fire.

After the successful location of the first kiln near Peterborough, we covered the remainder of the proposed route of the new road with redoubled enthusiasm. We found five or six magnetic disturbances nearly as strong as the one from the kiln. This created some consternation among the archaeologists because the bulldozers were getting fairly close by now and there would not be time to give to each of these supposed pottery kilns the detailed attention they would merit. All turned out for the best, however, because on excavation these magnetic disturbances were found to come from filled-in Roman rubbish pits. The archaeologists were relieved, because although they contained much interesting archaeological evidence they were comparatively simple to excavate, and I was pleased because the strength of the response to just a filled-in rubbish pit meant that the instrument was capable of covering a far wider range of archaeological features than had been anticipated.

Although there were a few lumps of iron slag in the pits, they were insufficient to cause the magnetic disturbances we detected. The disturbance arises because the magnetic properties of the soil filling the pits are different from those of the adjacent strata in which they had been dug. The particular magnetic property concerned here is the susceptibility of the soil, and this is an effect different from the previous one because no heating process is involved. Although, earlier, I described the little bar magnets of magnetite being fixed in their random directions at normal temperatures, this picture is not exactly true. At normal temperatures some very slight degree of lining-up does take place and if there is a small percentage of iron oxide present in the soil then that soil will be weakly magnetic. The degree to which this occurs is termed the susceptibility. If the susceptibility of the soil is uniform over a wide area and to a given depth then obviously there is no magnetic disturbance.

Susceptible Top-soil

But for various reasons the susceptibility of rock is usually negligible compared to that of top-soil. So if a hole is dug into rock and subsequently filled in with top-soil, then a magnetic disturbance is produced. Similarly, gravel is negligibly magnetic, and last year at Dorchester, just south of Oxford, we were able to detect a Roman ditch just because the bottom of the ditch had cut into the gravel sub-strata and in the course of centuries the ditch had become filled up with top-soil.

The difference in the magnetic susceptibility of top-soil and sub-

strata is a fortunate quirk of nature that makes magnetic prospecting widely applicable in archaeology. An even greater piece of good fortune is that association of top-soil with human occupation enhances the susceptibility still further. The reason for this is not clear but it is presumably due to the action of humic acids in converting the small percentages of iron oxide present to a more highly magnetic form. Whatever the reason, the consequence is that pit-fillings that have been closely associated with human occupation give a much stronger disturbance than those that have filled up naturally, thus making the proton magnetometer particularly sensitive to what is most interesting archaeologically.

Such pits have formed the most striking demonstration of the scope of the proton magnetometer so far. Last summer we made magnetic surveys at two Iron Age hill forts, one near Banbury in Oxfordshire and the other at Bredon Hill near Tewkesbury. To an archaeologist the interior of an Iron Age fort is usually distressingly blank in appearance, even with the aid of aerial photography; it usually amounts to several acres of featureless turf. Yet under this turf lie pits that may contain vital evidence about the people who once occupied the camp. To find these pits by systematic trenching is a laborious and often unrewarding task. I would estimate the chance of finding one by digging a random hole at the camp on Bredon Hill as about one in thirty. But with the proton magnetometer we pin-pointed no less than ninety in the course of five days' work. And not only were we able to indicate to the archaeologist exactly the right place to put his trench but also, without any digging at all, he had a picture of which parts of the camp had been most intensively used by the inhabitants.

A Prediction to be Tested

Recently the instrument has been used on a Roman site between Coventry and Kenilworth, where pottery fragments on the surface had suggested a region about 100 yards across as a likely locality for buried pottery kilns. A day's work with the proton magnetometer located three strong disturbances, but as there were several inches of snow at the time we could not be sure at first that they were not caused by discarded horse-shoes or other lumps of iron lying on the surface. However, by making detailed measurements along a line through the centre of each disturbance and studying the profile so obtained, I deduced that the cause must lie between three and five feet down in each case. This strongly suggests something archaeological, and because the disturbances were so intense and sharply localized the most likely causes are pottery kilns or hoards of iron implements; the amount of broken pottery on the surface strongly favours the former. As soon as weather conditions improve archaeologists will be digging and I shall then see how near the truth are these predictions.

—From a talk in Network Three

The Diamond Cutter

Not what the light will do but how he shapes it
And what particular colours it will bear.

And something of the climber's concentration
Seeing the white peak, setting the right foot there.

Nor how the sun was plausible at morning
Nor how it was distributed at noon,

And not how much the single stone could show
But rather how much brilliance it would shun;

Simply a paring down, a cleaving to
One object, as the star-gazer who sees

One single comet polished by its fall
Rather than countless, untouched galaxies.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

—Third Programme

The Science of Smell

By MAGNUS PYKE

ALTHOUGH chemistry has been called 'stinks' by generations of schoolboys, the science of smell and smelling has been neglected. This is unfortunate because it lies at a peculiarly favourable point between the natural sciences and the social sciences where advances in precise knowledge could be of great importance. Professor Carl Pfaffman, of Brown University in Rhode Island, recently contributed a chapter to a book designed to review the existing scientific knowledge of the psychology, physiology, and chemistry of taste and smell*. In this review he pointed out the remarkable 'hedonic value' of these stimuli.

To the scientists, smell and taste are the chemical senses. That is to say, extremely small amounts of a specific chemical compound, of the order of only a few molecules, fly through the air, strike the appropriate nerve ending, and instantly impart a sensation. But this sensation is not just something we record, like the faint ticking of a watch or the sight of a distant bird wheeling in the sky. Even a faint and fugitive smell—of roses, paint, or bad eggs—may possess instantly and of itself a 'hedonic value'. We know at once that we like it or that we do not.

The difficulty of applying to social affairs the immensely powerful and progressive techniques that we use in natural science is that we cannot bring ourselves to dispense with the hypotheses upon which our behaviour is based. But if we cannot yet bear to be scientific about the big vested interests in our social behaviour, might it not be possible to approach scientifically at least one aspect of human happiness by studying the chemistry of smell?

The tiniest trace of the chemical substance, ethyl-seleno-mercaptan, on our nostrils and we know instantly that it is hateful. Mr. George Fiero, who occupies the position of 'Co-ordinating Odor Moderator' in a great American oil company, has written a fascinating section of the book to which I have already referred. He reports that one part of this ethyl-seleno-mercaptan can be perceived by the human nose in 5,000,000,000,000 parts of air. This is far less than can be detected by the ordinary scientific procedures, for example by chemical analysis. Yet every normal person instantly and without prompting knows that he hates this tiny trace. But although so far no one has begun seriously to study why we like and dislike so certainly and instantly with our noses, Mr. Fiero and a number of other industrial scientists now realize that it is important. 'In the past', he writes, 'oil refiners have had largely an unorganized approach to odour'. But no longer. Many large industries manufacturing a variety of commodities, ranging from paint and paraffin all the way to wallpaper, leather armchairs, tweed suits, and cheese, find it necessary, in Mr. Fiero's words, 'to have the odour programme properly co-ordinated and to maintain uniformity of panel activity. The odour work [of the] research division is the responsibility of an odour

moderator. . . . Periodic meetings of odour moderators are held [when] standards, library additions, nomenclature and procedures are considered, discussed and established'.

The reference to a 'library' is an interesting one. This library is not a collection of books but of smells. And the objects on the library shelves are not unscientific things such as bunches of violets or ropes of onions. In the new scientific language of smell, the items stored away for reference are 'odour notes'. You or I might say that something possessed a cheesy smell, or an earthy tang,

or perhaps an aroma of apples. The new scientific librarian, however, would not be satisfied with this but would attempt to isolate a pure chemical substance and dissolve it in some neutral vehicle so that only the pure 'note' of cheesiness or earthiness was conveyed. We ordinary folk might have occasion to say that a certain smell defied description; but not so the odour moderator. He would invent a name to describe its exact note.

A library for books, if it is a good library, is more than a store room. Similarly for smells we find Mr.

Fiero writing: 'Proper surroundings are of the utmost importance. . . . A special room is necessary. . . odour evaluation should not be rushed. Quiet should prevail without interruptions. Concentration is necessary for proper odour evaluation'. The quantitative scale for the measurement of taste, with which smell is closely bound up, is based on what the scientific workers concerned in the problem describe as a 'standard psychophysical scale'. Working on this principle it has been found possible to calibrate the units of taste and smell so that, for example, a salt solution can be chosen which tastes as salty as a sugar solution (calibrated on the same basis) tastes sweet. The unit of taste is called a 'gust'. As a general rule, we rarely consume things with more than 50 gusts of taste, although neat lemon juice and strong pickles by themselves may have a taste more than 100 gusts strong!

But science, I need hardly say, is not content to draw the line at the psychophysical scale of 'gusts', systematic though it may be. The full machinery of modern techniques and instruments is being deployed. Professor Beidler has described the reaction of individual taste nerves in the tongues of rats. It is now possible to measure the frequency of the electrical impulses discharged by a single dissected nerve fibre and relate it to the strength of the chemical taste stimulus. More than this, a beginning has been made to the understanding of the chemistry of good and evil, at least in taste. The chemical compound, para-ethoxy-phenylthiourea, produces strong electrical nerve activity when applied to the appropriate receptor surface of a taste cell. It possesses a very bitter taste. The same chemical structure with its single sulphur atom replaced by oxygen is sweet!

The scientific study of smelling is more difficult than that of tasting because the amount of chemical substance that gives a



response is so very small. The olfactory nerve fibres are also exceedingly minute. Since the electron microscope has come into use it has been possible for research workers to make out something of their nature. In the rabbit it appears that in the small patch within the nose where the fibres are situated, there are 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 olfactory receptors, each of which possesses six to twelve hairs or filaments. The notion now is that a rich smell excites a small but distinct part of the total population of olfactory receptors. The brain then interprets the result in the same way that it deals with the output of a similar fraction of the auditory receptors of the ear when these are excited by the complex nuances of sound from an orchestra.

Tracing Smells with Electronic Equipment

The panoply of electronic equipment has been applied to the study of smell as well as to taste. A cathode ray tube can be caused to transmit a tracing of the electrical activity of a whiff of amyl acetate—or, for that matter, of some more human aroma. The gradual fatigue of the nose's receptors can be made apparent to the eyes as the line on the tube wavers and flags. And the restored activity of the olfactory nerve can be observed as the subject of the experiment, be it a rabbit or a man, substitutes sniffing for continuous inhalation.

In the world of biology outside the human race, the species most intensively investigated are the moths. With moths, smell, it seems, is of all things on earth the one that gives them the acutest pleasure. That this is so was first discovered by Jean Henri Fabre. This remarkable man, a provincial French schoolmaster born in 1823, settled down after his retirement at the very reasonable age of forty-eight to devote the remainder of his time to the study of the life-history and habits of insects. Like so many other amateurs before him, he collected a vast number of facts of the greatest scientific interest. Among these was the observation that female moths of certain species emit a smell that is undetectable by the human nose but which can be recognized at great distances by male moths of the same species and followed to its source.

Fabre hatched out a female Great Peacock moth in his laboratory one morning, and the same evening forty male Great Peacocks invaded his house, although they were a variety rare in the neighbourhood. On another occasion a female Oak Eggar was hatched out. On the third day, sixty male Oak Eggars arrived, all of which, he calculated, must have travelled from some kilometres away. He carried out, as a good scientist should, a whole series of experiments, some with males marked in various ways, or with an antenna cut off, or part of their bodies shaved to identify the position of the sense organs. Others were done with females to find out where their scenting apparatus was located. In the end he concluded, in language which, alas, no modern scientist would use (the editors of scientific journals would see to that): 'To call the moths of the countryside to the wedding feast, to warn them at a distance and to guide them, the nubile female emits an odour of extreme subtlety imperceptible to our own olfactory sense organs'.

Today the serious scientists are trying to work out the chemical nature of smell; the physiologists, using the new tools of electron microscopy and cathode ray recorders, are investigating the mechanism by which a smell makes itself perceived. But a smell—that is to say, a few molecules of a specific chemical compound—can rouse emotions of like or dislike, in moths, in rats, or in men. Students of the natural sciences have traditionally avoided the study of love and hate, of why people choose to do some actions and refuse to do others. In the seventeenth century, Newton described the course of gravitational action but expressly refrained from speculating on its cause. Indeed, the triumph of 'experimental philosophy', which we now call 'the scientific method', over scholasticism occurred, not because the rate at which a body falls is more momentous than the nature of God and the human spirit, but because it is more certainly determinable there and then and leads more easily to further knowledge.

But while the slow and difficult work of fundamental study—of chemistry and physiology—takes its course, the world of practical affairs goes thrusting on and uses the small knowledge we possess to big effect. Smelling panels are gathered together to ensure that branded goods shall always smell the same. Complex 'time

intensity' studies are carried out to determine how strong the taste of peppermint in chewing gum is after ten minutes chewing; statistically designed public-opinion polls are organized to pose questions such as, 'What do you especially like about product L?' or 'What do you particularly dislike about product M?' In the United States, the Quartermaster Laboratories, the special laboratories of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, as well as universities, research institutes, and industrial laboratories, are all busy studying one or other of the practical aspects of smell. And the drug companies approach the problem of isolating the odorous principle from raspberries with all the enthusiasm previously devoted to the crystallization of penicillin.

Miss Arabella Allan didn't know what she did like, but when presented to Mr. Bob Sawyer she did know what she didn't like. The book on flavour research and food acceptance to which Professor Pfaffman contributed a chapter was also concerned with likes and dislikes. Here and there in its pages, however, are glimpses to suggest that a beginning might be possible in applying the logic of the methods of natural science to the altogether too social problems of liking and hating.—*Third Programme*

The Accountant

'Please do not say it, please do not expect
That I shall say it. Words are triggers
At which my moods explode and all is wrecked.
I cannot do with words but only figures'.

But I who live by words, what must I do?
Awaiting first that word and then a letter
Made up of other words. How come to you
When I can only write and know no better?

Perhaps to you a balance-sheet exact
In every detail would be indication
Enough of love's unmentionable fact—
Or else a perfectly resolved equation.

Deft with your slide-rule you might then reply—
Were not such sums beyond me.

How absurd
That it should not be love that men live by
But some by figures, others by the word.

FRANCIS KING

Book One: Ode No. XXXIII

Don't overdo it, Tibullus—this grieving
For a sweetheart turned sour. 'Why was she deceiving?'
You ask us, and, 'How did that youngster outshine
An older man?' Stop elegizing. Don't whine.

Lycoris, whose forehead is nearly all curls,
Is mad about Cyrus. *He's* taken to girls
And runs after Chloe, who throws back a frown
Meaning 'Roes and Apulian wolves will bed down

Sooner than I with a fellow like him'.
That's Venus's method. According to whim
She puts bodies and minds to work her brass yoke
In impossible couples—and thinks it a joke.

I myself when a far better chance was presented
Stayed slave to a freed-girl, chained and contented,
Though she handed out stormier treatment to me
Than curving Calabria gets from the sea.

Translated from HORACE by JAMES MICHIE
—*Third Programme*

Football Players and the Crowd

By MAX GLUCKMAN

I AM going to suggest to you that the reactions of a soccer crowd to a team's play and to individual players is a complicated one, but that it is possible to work out some general view of what happens in crowds, and how they affect the success and failure of their teams. I shall be taking my examples largely from what I observed at Old Trafford, in the days of the cruelly destroyed Manchester United team: I speak with a sore heart about them, remembering a great team and so many great players.

At the end of the 1956 to 1957 season, that team was striding away with the League Championship, and had reached round six of the Cup. They were already through to the semi-final of the European Cup; the treble of League, Cup, and European Cup seemed to be at least a possibility. But suddenly their lead in the League began to slip from them, and Preston crept up. Most remarkable was that they were dropping points at home, where even poor teams usually win matches.

Why did their tide of success begin to recede? I think that part of the answer lies in the hopes and expectations that a crowd builds up about a team as a whole, and its individual members, and in the effect of their massed reaction to successful moves and mistakes on the anxiety of most players. Some players, like Jimmy Scouler of Newcastle, or Tommy Docherty, formerly of Preston and now of Arsenal, seem to thrive on the crowd's hatred; some players are seemingly not affected by the crowd's criticism; but most of them are forced to play much below their skill when the crowd sets on them. Johnny Carey pointed out some time ago that though players hear individual shouts at them only during lulls in the crowd's roar, they do get an idea of the spectators' reactions from a general impression of applause and support, or a vast groan of disappointment and criticism.

I am making an important assumption here. This is that the standard of play among footballers and teams is at a fairly level band of skill and teamwork throughout, at least in Division One. There are a relatively few players who stand above their fellows, and a few teams who for some years, and sometimes parts

of a year, are outplaying their opponents. But the margins of victory in most matches are low: one or two goals usually. It is true that in the long run the better teams win more matches, so that the League is a surer test of skill than the more glamorous Cup. But, this being so, why did the League Championship suddenly fall into jeopardy for United in 1957 because they



'No one who was there will forget how the crowd cheered on the team of shreds and patches which took the field for the first time against Sheffield Wednesday in the postponed Cup tie'. Bill Foulkes, a survivor of the Munich air disaster, leading the Manchester United team on to the field on February 19, 1958

could not win at home? And why, the following season, did they also lose some matches at home until, on Christmas Day, four internationals had to be dropped for young reserves? With these reserves, acclaimed by the crowd, the team won easily, though two of the reserves had only shortly before been loudly criticized.

I think we can find part of the answer if we compare what happened at Old Trafford with what goes on across the town at Maine Road ground of Manchester City. Manchester United since the war has been riding on the crest of years of success, with a very slight dip down the table during the two years while the team was changed: Manchester City has been in and out all the time, in and out of the First Division, in and out of form. One match City will win by a big margin, then lose the next match by an equally big margin. They reached two Cup Finals, and won one easily. Last season they scored more than 100 goals and had more than 100 goals against them: this has never happened to a team before. I think there may be technical and tactical reasons why this should be so, but their waywardness goes much deeper. Certainly I notice a marked difference between United's crowd at Old Trafford, and City's crowd at Maine Road.



Cheering the winning goal, when Manchester United beat West Bromwich Albion in the replay at Old Trafford in the sixth round of the F.A. Cup tie last year

The in-and-outness of City has produced an in-and-out crowd: a crowd that is always hoping for victory but never really expecting to get it, and is often cynical and sarcastic, full of bitter quips, but I do not think really vicious in the way it slates players. Except for short periods after big successes, it does not expect enough to be too critical, or to be able to produce anything like the 'Old Trafford roar' which moves United on. City fans have been too often disillusioned of late: they have become resigned, like the supporter whose comment during a particularly bad show by his team was a simple: 'Opeless, that's what we are, bloody 'opeless'.

Expecting Too Much

But at United the crowd expected too much—I speak of the past, for since the disaster at Munich, the whole atmosphere this season may have changed, and I have been away from Manchester. At United the crowd was sure of winning; but out of this certainty there grew a little doubt, niggling in their minds. The team had to win easily: was it not bound for League championship and Cup, the double; even for the European Cup, the great treble? Newspapers fed these exuberant hopes, which came so near to fulfilment, for we are speaking of a great winning team, a glorious team. It is out of this kind of expectation and certainty that there comes aggressive criticism, really vicious attacks on players, when hope is being defeated.

From early on in the season the team had won steadily, apart from one single lapse at home against Everton. Then came a devastating win over the Belgium champions Anderlecht, a devastating spell against the German side Dortmund Borussia, a devastating victory against odds over the Spanish side, Bilbao. In these matches the players were inspired and the crowd was additionally moved by British patriotism: the team was on top of the world; and its greatest hour was against Bilbao.

This run of brilliant, fast, fantastic play carried them through two more home matches. Every successful move was applauded wildly; the occasional mistake, mis-kick, pass which did not get to the right man, unsuccessful dribble, was passed over in sympathetic silence, or in the unceasing cheering. People round me said 'You must expect mistakes'. But after those matches some of the crowd had become sated with so much good football: they wanted more than they could reasonably expect. Good play was not cheered so exuberantly. People began to groan at the occasional mistakes and slips. Players who had off-days were picked on. The players seemed to get more anxious. Moments of hesitation and doubt enabled opponents to cover the unmarked men and the gaps: players lost confidence in one another and did not move for the open space at speed. A vicious circle set in, and quickly the cohesion of the team was lost. It could not win at home until its away points had clinched the Championship, and then the last few home games were easy victories. Crowd, as well as players, felt the slackening of tension.

Destroyers of Cohesion

I know that the crowd's reaction is only one of the things that destroys the cohesion of a fast-moving team and builds up anxiety. Individual players have off-days. Injury, and shots which just miss, always affect results. A key man runs against an opponent who has the edge on him, or, since success and failure are largely affected by chance, luck running against a man may make it look as if he is playing badly. Players do not do what their team mates expect them to do, and this destroys confidence. But I feel that even in considering these changes in team and individual morale, we must take account of the crowd; and the behaviour of the crowd is not a simple appreciation of good and bad play, but varies from club to club, and changes from one run of matches to another.

I even saw this when United were rebuilding after the Munich crash. No one who was there will forget how the crowd cheered on the team of shreds and patches which took the field for the first time against Sheffield Wednesday in the postponed Cup tie. In a graphic description, Cyril Ainsley of the *Daily Express* spoke of the crowd: 'Webster on the right wing was not shaping too well'. (I would like to add here, as a guess, that Webster was much affected, for he must have narrowly missed going on

the fatal trip.) 'In an ordinary game he would have got the bird. But last night we were in a mood of patience and forgiveness. "Leave him alone, he's doing all right", a man at my side shouted as another United supporter barracked Webster'.

Cyril Ainsley here describes something I observed myself. The players were not to be criticized—groans at mistakes and slips had to be suppressed. There should be no criticism at all. In League matches United's makeshift team could not win, but in the Cup, cheered on by the crowd, they held West Bromwich to a draw away, and then beat them against the run of the game in the replay at Old Trafford; Charlton made a story-book last-minute goal for Webster to score. The crowd was jubilant: Charlton, who three months before in the reserves had been castigated as a 'big-head', was their darling. But four days later, again at Old Trafford, United played West Bromwich in the League, and lost 0-4. Overnight, almost, the crowd's expectations had soared again: so that they expected too much, patience and forgiveness had gone. Mistakes brought groans, and even a few boos. A man behind me shouted viciously at seventeen-year-old Mark Pearson. I remonstrated: 'Leave him alone, he's only a kid'. There came a quick retort: 'He draws a man's pay, doesn't he?' From that moment, I felt the Cup was lost. By the time this new team played the Final, they were anxious and careworn, no longer sustained by their crowd's unreserved support.

Unskilled Judges

I think it is also important, in considering the spectators' reactions to play, to remember that many of them are not skilled judges of good football. Also, each spectator gets a single vantage point which may prevent his seeing clearly all the players' difficulties. Finally, many in the crowd watch only what a player is doing when he has the ball; and with twenty-two men on the field each player can expect only about four minutes with the ball, if possession is evenly distributed and the ball is never out of play. The Hungarians timed the extent to which their world-conquering players of 1953 had possession of the ball. For Bocsis, a wing-half, it was just over four minutes; for Puskas, an inside-forward, it was under four minutes. Hence many of the crowd may fail to do justice to a player's skill when he is not in possession of the ball.

Don Davies, 'Old International' of *The Manchester Guardian*, unhappily also killed at Munich, was, I think, the only reporter on United's play who consistently drew attention to how Tommy Taylor opened up the defence for his other forwards when he did not have the ball; and large sections of the crowd failed to notice Taylor's ability as a leader, holding the line and drawing the defence, and so forth. They noticed only that, unlike the traditional centre-forward, he did not get many goals—and thus he was always being attacked. Taylor had to bear with a lot from his home supporters. What can be sadder than his comment when he was again selected to lead England: 'My heart sank when I heard it', he said. 'It only means more boos from the terraces'. Reports on his play away from Old Trafford were always eulogistic; but he was never appreciated adequately by many at home.

What I have been describing suggests to me that players need replacing by reserves when the crowd gets sated with their good play; and a manager must judge at which moment to replace the players who have become targets for the crowd. Yet I wonder how much managers take into account, in team selection, the developing hostility of the crowd towards players, and whether they explain this to players. I think that scouts in the crowd, assessing its reactions to players, might be as profitable as scouts scouring the country for new talent.

Many months have passed since the night when that Manchester United team crashed. In a sense, I have been trying to speak a requiem for them. As I saw them from the terraces, I learnt that on top of everything else—speed of play, bad grounds, skilled opponents—they often had to play against their own supporters, who become unwitting enemies. Their task was even more difficult than most people think, for when you keep winning you lead your supporters to expect too much, and this expectation may turn against you. It is part of United's greatness that they kept on top so long, when periodically many of those who loved and wished them best in fact worked against them.

—North of England Home Service

Integrity and the Parson

By the Rev. JOSEPH McCULLOCH

THE problem of the parson's life today is supremely a question of integrity. His constant temptation is to renounce that integrity, and give the world what it wants. 'Let Christ come down from the cross, and we will believe him'. This still remains the crucial test—the subtle temptation to turn Christianity into essentially a success story with the Resurrection as the happy ending, thus removing the real offence of the Cross. The universe has always been intolerably difficult for man to accept precisely because the Cross is in it not as an incidental factor but as the very linchpin of its wholeness. The pattern throughout the universe, as Sherrington has shown us, is 'altruism as passion': 'It is more blessed to give than to receive'. The whole mystery, as far as man is concerned, is why it should be so, and there is no conceivable answer, except that it is so because God alone is God; all we know and all we need to know.

The modern world is more genuinely atheistic than any of which Charles Bradlaugh could have conceived. His atheism still remained within an essentially religious frame of reference: that is, it still tacitly acknowledged that the universe makes a moral demand upon the individual. Since his day we have seen widely accepted such undeniably atheistic utterances as 'art for art's sake' or 'business is business'—statements which would have horrified Bradlaugh. What they imply is that each activity of the human mind has utter independence; it can go its own way. This implication has won general acceptance. Man now has his duty to fulfil, his integrity to achieve, within his particular chosen field of work, independently of others.

Disintegrated Universe

We have thus admitted a departmentalized conception of personal integrity, and in so doing we have allowed the universe to disintegrate. Instead of the truth, there are many truths; instead of morality, there are many moralities; instead of personal integrity, as it was formerly understood, there are multifarious independent individual integrities, each peculiar to its own limited field of activity. We are, in fact, a generation which has rejected the universe. Whereas for a former generation, agreeing the premise that the universe is one, legitimate scepticism might have begun with the question 'One what?', today scepticism begins nowhere: it agrees no universal premise upon which to base any discussion of existence whatever.

Modern scientists would argue that they have no concern with final answers, or with the realm of ends. It is not the function of science to provide human society with any principle of unity: science simply is not equipped to do so. On that side of their work, scientists are merely concerned to prevent any existing body of doctrine concerning the realm of ends from hampering their freedom of inquiry. Many scientists have been at pains in recent years to explain that since final answers are not their business, it is necessary for them to be sceptical in regard to all statements concerning ends. This is part of their determination to preserve their scientific integrity.

But unfortunately this determination has become popularly interpreted as authoritative proof that there is no transcendent unity behind, beyond, and within the flux of things, which points the real danger of dissociating ends from means. Purely technological progress leads not to the hydrogen bomb (as some suppose) but literally nowhere. In fact, you cannot have a technology unless somewhere, somehow, someone can answer the question: why? You can get a kind of answer by saying that we are frightened of one another, and so need science to invent bombs, or frightened of starvation, and need science to find or organize a food supply; or want speed or warmth or a longer expectation of life, and science is paid to supply these wants. But, as we all know, the science which is able to serve our needs is not generated or maintained by the needs it serves. (Newton is not simply a more effec-

tive quarter-master.) Behind its tremendous competence there is a vocation and a discipline, and while it is part of the discipline to refuse to define ends, this refusal can be valid only because the ends need no definition. The pure scientist is one who tends to increase the sum of human knowledge without adding one jot or tittle to the sum of human wisdom. But human wisdom is none the less necessary to evaluate human knowledge, and without it—without wisdom, that is—it is still true that knowledge is vain: dangerously vain.

A Unity of Disunity

The resulting situation is not the scientist's fault, for it has nothing to do with his intention. But the evidence is abundant on all hands that the legitimate scepticism of the genuine scientist, as it becomes popularly disseminated, removes those landmarks which serve to make the universe at least recognizable to the majority of people, and thereby robs human life of those intimations of ultimate meaning essential to man's conscious development. It is one thing to question the final answers which institutions like the Church offer mankind; that is a legitimate scepticism. It is another thing, having discredited those final answers, and willy-nilly supplanted the Church's authority in the popular mind, to proclaim that there are no final answers at all. The result is the modern world, a 'unity of disunity', in which the spread of technology makes a specious or superficial coherence, and the common acceptance of the infallibility of scepticism hastens the process of disintegration.

In the meantime a new generation is emerging which slowly turns towards religion, as its predecessor turned from religion to science. It is with this new generation that the parson has most to do. In a world more deeply atheistic of mind than any before it he is asked to give the assurance of final answers to the perennial existential questions. How can he do this? He can set up at any time today as a Christian Inquiry Centre, and do, if not a roaring trade, a certain amount of brisk business. But his situation, no less than theirs, is full of ambiguities. The temptation is to provide people with answers out of stock, the answers which are not really answers, because they do not in fact speak to the situation of the questioners. They are the answers which the Church keeps in cold storage, in handbooks about the Church's religion. They presuppose that there are no ambiguities or doubts about the Church or Christianity itself. They seek to re-establish the situation as it was before modern man lost touch with the universe, before he turned from religion to science, and took atheism into his system.

But this kind of answer provides merely a religious knowledge, no more and no less valid or valuable than the various other forms of conceptual knowledge which the modern world provides about specific subjects. Stock Church answers cannot restore the universe to the modern inquirer. He may accept at their intellectual face-value any number of these religious answers to his questions and remain as atheistic as the world about him.

Distance between Faith and Unfaith

The distance between unfaith and faith in the modern world is far more, a whole dimension more, than a matter of crossing the frontier between ignorance of orthodox Christian doctrine and knowledge of it. The dangerous temptation to the modern parson is to pretend that this is not so. Here are people coming to him because existence is for them finally meaningless, and because they find that realization increasingly inescapable and intolerable. They want answers to existential questions, and they come to him, as they would go to any other expert in a particular branch of knowledge. Christian doctrine, after all, can be stated in a

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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

February 11-17

Wednesday, February 11

Greek and Turkish Foreign Ministers, meeting in Zürich, sign an agreement on Cyprus and fly to London for discussions with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

New Federation of six states of the West Aden Protectorate comes into being

Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra leave for tour of Latin America

Thursday, February 12

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd reaffirms in Commons that British sovereignty over bases in Cyprus would not be surrendered in any new agreement on the island

Negotiations between Persia and Russia for a treaty of friendship and non-aggression break down

It is announced by O.E.E.C. in Paris that agreement has been reached for developing a nuclear power station as a joint undertaking by twelve nations

Friday, February 13

Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, flies to London to attend Foreign Ministers' discussions on Cyprus. It is decided to invite Archbishop Makarios and Dr. Kutuchuk, Turkish Cypriot leader, to London conference on Cyprus

Admiral Sir Guy Grantham is appointed Governor of Malta in succession to Sir Robert Laycock

Civil Service clerical officers are to get a rise in pay, back-dated nineteen months

Saturday, February 14

It is announced in a statement by President Eisenhower that Mr. Dulles has a recurrence of cancer and that he will consequently continue on leave of absence

Archbishop Makarios invited twenty-four Greek-Cypriot leaders to join his delegation at the forthcoming conference on Cyprus in London

Sunday, February 15

Archbishop Makarios arrives in London

Signor Segni, Italian Prime Minister-designate, announces composition of his new Christian Democrat government

Monday, February 16

The three Western Powers in a Note to Moscow say they are willing to take part in a Foreign Ministers' conference on the German problem

Prime Minister tells the Commons that a tribunal is to inquire into the case of John Waters of Thurso, alleged to have been assaulted by the police fourteen months ago

Tuesday, February 17

London Conference on Cyprus opens at Lancaster House

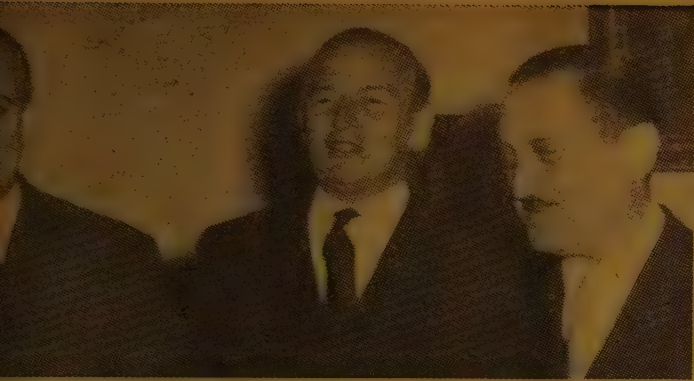
The Turkish Prime Minister, Mr. Menderes, escapes serious injury when Viscount air-liner bringing him to Britain crashes near Gatwick airport. Twelve are killed in the crash and others injured



Archbishop Makarios (with arm raised) arriving at London Airport from Athens last Sunday to take part in the round-table conference on Cyprus which opened at Lancaster House on February 17. Above, right: Zorlu, Foreign Minister of Turkey (left), and Mr. Averoff, Foreign Minister of Greece (right) photograph with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, when they dined with him after their arrival in London on February 11 for discussions on a new plan for Cyprus



Wreckage of houses destroyed by the tornado which struck the city of St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A., during the early hours of February 10. Twenty people were killed and about 300 injured



Mr. Harold Macmillan speaking after he had laid a wreath at the statue of Lincoln in Westminster on February 12. Fourth from the right is Mr. Hugh Gaitskell (see also pages 320 and 325)



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother being given an enthusiastic welcome by young Africans when she attended a pageant at Eldoret, in the Western Highlands of Kenya, on February 14



Joan Sutherland as Lucia in a scene from *Lucia di Lammermoor* by Donizetti which opened this week at Covent Garden Opera House. Except for one performance in 1925 the opera has not been seen in London since 1910

Left: a bronze statue of Sir Winston Churchill by Oscar Nemon, which was last week placed in position in Guildhall. The statue was commissioned four years ago by the City of London Corporation

(continued from page 333)

catechism, in a Ph.D. thesis; you can learn it in a few lessons; but there lies the root of all the luxuriant ambiguities.

If you already have the marrow of faith in your bones, if you already feel it upon your pulses, for your own integrity's sake you cannot shut it out of your brains. But it must grow *that way*, from faith to reason. Any other way, the ambiguities crowd in. You have to reason the faith that is already incipiently in you: you can seldom be reasoned into faith, if it is not already germinally there. 'Lord, I believe: help thou my unbelief'. You are not really asking for knowledge, but for understanding of what you already perceive and know. Hence today, it is not a religious *expertise* that people are really seeking, but rather an *ars spiritualis*—a far more strenuous quest.

Accepting, not Analysing

That is precisely where the parson meets his severest temptation—he must resolutely forswear all pretension to be an expert, a departmental specialist. For he is not an expert in the sense in which that word is now understood. He differs from the scientist *toto coelo*, literally by a whole universe. He differs from the scientist somewhat as the poet differs from the grammarian. He is concerned primarily with the truth and beauty of the poem, not with its technique or its syntax, or even with its structure and imagery. He is accepting the universe, not analysing its constituents. That is why, when he struggles for his own integrity, he knows in his heart that he ought not to give the modern inquirer the kind of answers which the modern inquirer demands, and is accustomed to receive whenever he consults accredited experts in other fields of knowledge.

The parson knows that those answers, like all the others, can be analysed into meaninglessness, that they will get no further than the world of concepts and be lost in it; that world from which the principle of unity has long since disappeared. He knows that it is futile to seem to provide religion as though it could be one aspect of life among others: and that is what he will be doing if he offers religious answers as though they could be set side by side with other findings, and their truth be established scientifically. Yet there is this insistent demand for answers which will give meaning to life, and bring a sense of security in a world of anxiety and dwindling personal significance. They ask to know why and what is man, what evidence is there of God, why evil, tragedy and suffering, where do we go from here, how can man believe, and what shall he do to be saved or safe?

The answers are all in the religious books. But they are the answers which were given to people living in a world which man had not filled with himself. Their truth cannot be apprehended, except in that kind of world in which man is no longer the measure of all things. Have we therefore in fact any answers at all as Christians in the modern world? If we offer for instance our supreme answer, that most astounding of all affirmations, 'God is love', how can we raise it in the modern mind to a higher status than that of a cliché? A man might by the grace of God wake up one day to the realization of its existential truth, but never because he had convinced himself of it by a process of ratiocination: rather because, in

despair of himself, the truth of 'God is love' invaded and occupied the emptiness of his being, and he was born again into the real universe. *Credo quia impossibile*. The fact is that Christian meaning can be truly communicated only in that deeper subjective realm of consciousness which is known beyond unknowing, when there cannot possibly be any God but God.

When, therefore, the parson looks round for the answers demanded of him today he knows that he has none, in the context of a specialized department of life labelled 'religion', because without the universe the questions are unanswerable. The universe is 'God is Love'. In that sense and only in that sense can the earth be the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. The Lord is Lord as he is obeyed, and the fulness is his as he fills it. But obedience is not an enforceable contract and fulness is not an arithmetical concept. The parson can offer courses of instruction *ad nauseam*, and perform aerobatics of astonishing ingenuity to demonstrate the uses of the atmosphere. But the performance misdirects the spectator's attention: for the divine thing about air is not that you can loop the loop, but that you can breathe; the course of instruction conveys less of Godhead than does the ability to be instructed.

The question which people are really asking is not, 'How can religion solve my problems?', whether of philosophy or physics, psychology or morals, but, granted that these problems can or cannot be solved, 'Where do I belong and what is it all about anyhow?' To this kind of demand—for it is much more than a question—what kind of ready-reckoning is *any* kind of use?

The Book of Job

In the first rather than the last resort all that there is really to offer is the Book of Job, which has nothing to say except that there is for man no safety, no final security, this side of dereliction and utter bafflement; that simply because there is no God but God, the universe must be accepted without question, beyond question, before man can find the meaning and wholeness of himself. 'Dost thou still hold fast thine integrity?' demanded Job's wife. 'Renounce God and die'. And on Calvary the bystanders said much the same to the Crucified: 'If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the Cross'. The Son of Man did come down from the Cross: but He was dead. And then He was buried. Very few people ever saw Him again.

The parson can say this. He can go on to say that those who did see Him again were those who knew that He had been dead and buried, those in fact who, to the fulness of their belief in Him, had shared his dereliction. They had lost the last and greatest of all human idols. They had no ready-made scheme of discourse, no questions or answers, or critiques of formularies, or objects of devotion or political ideals; not even a point of view. Like Job, they were left with nothing but the irrefutable realization of God.

The parson, then, if he is to keep his integrity, must refuse to superimpose a form of Christianity upon the atheistic mind. This he is almost bound to do if he allows the modern inquirer to treat him as if he were an expert in Christian knowledge, one who knows about the particular branch of human inquiry concerned with God. When God is conceived of thus as an object, *ipso facto* there is no universe. For all objectify-

ing of God is idolatrous. Only God can say 'I'. There lies the danger of so much religious language, which when it talks of God, can never at any time be more than analogical. The best that Christianity can do is to repeat again and again, 'God is love'. For just as, when love is included in the 'I-It' world, it cannot be love, so God is never to be included in the realm of objects.

'The Beyond is within'—that is the essence of personal integrity. Christianity is essentially an interior, deeply subjective life. Thus the parson can only answer truthfully: 'You ask the impossible. You ask me to tell you about God. I only know God is love, and there is no God but God'. To the question: 'How can I too know this?' he can only return an answer from John Keats no less difficult to the modern mind: 'By learning to be in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact or reason'—until your world itself is emptied of all but God filling the universe'.

These are the hard sayings with which his integrity demands that the parson meet the new generation of inquirers. No doubt the Church can and probably will gain a number of adherents by yielding to the demand for instruction, and information, by the continued extraversion of her religion. But little difference will be made thus to the actual atheism of the modern world: indeed the Church herself will seem in many respects indistinguishable from it, as herself seeking her own limited integrity and independence alongside the other departmentalized activities of man's world. There will still be for most people no universe to accept, and no final meaning to be embraced and ever held fast.

It may be said that in Christendom things were ever thus. If this is so, then it must be that to a large extent the Church has long misconceived her task, and that it is now high time to conceive it afresh. This point was well made by Coventry Patmore in *The Rod, the Root and the Flower*, when he wrote: 'The Church's task in the world is not to teach the mysteries of life, so much as to persuade the soul to that arduous degree of purity at which God Himself becomes her teacher. The work of the Church ends when the knowledge of God begins'.

'Cease Ye from Man'

Should the Church ever conceive and effect her task in this world in those terms, the fool, (whose name is Legion in the twentieth century), would cease to say in his heart 'There is no God', and the problem of the parson's integrity would be considerably less acute. As it is, he looks round the twentieth-century world in search of signs of hope. At first, he sees only that business continues to be business, and that Christianity itself is being sold as the success story of the righteous man Jesus. He continues to look for the truth of Golgotha, that in the utter emptiness of man's world, when at last it is invested only by a vast nothingness, God fills the universe afresh with risen and eternal love. And in the shadow of the hydrogen bomb the parson remembers, as man's world empties fast before his eyes: 'Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils. For wherein is he to be accounted of?' The message of the essential Church returns to the apocalypse: 'When these things begin to come to pass, look up, and lift up your heads; because your redemption draweth nigh'.—*Third Programme*

Broadcast Poetry

On the Mountain

I

Why red, why red? I ask myself, observing
A girl's enamelled nails, not understanding
The convention—an unrealistic art.

I live in a suburb of the capital,
A hill of villas, and sometimes note such things;
Old enough to remember better days.

The Stoics have virtually disappeared.
I like to think myself the last of them,
Shaken but not devoured by ghastly omens.

The theatres are given up to leg shows
And gladiatorial games. The savage beasts
Are weary with the number of their victims.

In poetry the last trace of conviction
Has long since been extinguished. Round
the temples
Are crowds of flautists, eunuchs and
raving females.

The decoration of the baths and other
Edifices of importance is assigned
To those same careless slaves who mix
the mortar.

The so-called educated classes share
The superstitions and amusements of
The vulgar, gawping at guts and moan-
ing singers.

Atrocious taxes to 'defend' the frontiers;
Fixing maximum prices yet deploring the
black market
—These the preoccupations of the state.

And the arming aspect of imperial
Succession! The imperial madness! O
My country, how long shall we bear
such things?

I find a little comfort in recalling
That complaints of evil times are found
in every
Age which has left a literature behind:

And that the lyric is always capable
Of rejuvenation (as is the human heart),
Even in times of general wretchedness.

II

In my garden, at the risk of annoying my cat,
I rescue a fledgling: as it squeaks, I see
That its tongue is like something inside a watch.

They would not find it odd, those Others—
Mysterious community, not outside
And not within the borders of the empire;

Not the barbarians precisely nor
The slaves: indeed, from their strange
treason no
Mind is exempt . . . even the emperor's!

Could I believe? Surrender to the future,
The inevitability of the future—which
Nevertheless can only come by martyrdom?

Respect those priestly leaders, arguing
Whether the Second Person of the Three
Is equal or subordinate to the First?

While in their guarded monasteries they lift
Their greasy cassocks to ecstatic girls—
Under the bed their secret box of coin.

I suppose their creed must conquer in the end
Because it gives the simplest and most complete
Answers to all men ask in these bad years.

Is there a life beyond this life? Must art
Be the maidservant of morality?
And will the humble triumph? Yes. Yes. Yes.

Disgusting questions, horrible replies;
Deplorable the course of history:
And yet we cannot but regard with awe

The struggle of the locked and rival systems,
Involving the entire geography
Of the known world, through epochs
staggeringly prolonged.

To name our cities after poets, or
To hasten the destruction of the species—
The debate continues chronic and unresolved.

III

How rapidly one's thoughts get out of hand!
With my unsatisfactory physique
I watch the blossom through the blinding
rain,

Cringe the while at the shoddy workmanship
Of the piddling gutter—typical of the times—
And stroke with skeleton hand the mortal fur.

It is as hard to realize where we are
As for the climber on the famous peak
For whom the familiar outline is no more

The record of a deadly illness or
The tearing organs of a bird of prey
But merely boredom, breathing, prudence,
stones.

ROY FULLER
—Third Programme

Author's note: I am indebted for some of this poem to Moses Hadas's translation of *The Age of Constantine the Great* by Jacob Burckhardt

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in
THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Authority and the Family

Sir,—I was most interested in Mr. Richard Peters' analysis (THE LISTENER, February 12) of the shift that has taken place in the functions and authority structure of the modern family. He suggests as a logical outcome two alternatives—rationalization of family life, or the American pattern leading to the state taking over all important functions of the family, leaving only sex and companionship.

Without wishing to generalize, I would suggest that there is a third alternative. While perhaps not widespread, there seems to be a tendency among my generation, especially among those where the girl, or wife, has responsible work, for her to look forward to, or want, a family life where the husband has full authority. This is not, of course, a return to any sort of unquestioning right, or traditional head-

ship, but is based rather on a reflection of circumstance, and a rational acceptance and respect. Such authority is voluntarily given, and voluntarily used within specific limits.

The strain of responsible work outside the family for the wife is eased by the lead within the family being given to the husband (the situation being comparable, but more flattering to human beings, to the rise of the charismatic leader in modern society), and within the family a more consistent pattern is possible. In this way the necessity of authority in the family is accepted, it is more rational and consistent, the 'whims' of the father held back by a kind of social contract with the wife, the children are able to grow up in greater security and happiness than where the family has to experiment as it goes along, and the wife is able to preserve her full equality and responsibility within both

the family and society without having to withdraw from one or the other.

Yours, etc.,
Manchester, 14 CORIN HUGHES-STANTON

Sir,—A recurring comment in discussions about contemporary society links the material advantages of the welfare state with their allegedly inescapable moral debilities. 'Ironically enough', Mr. R. S. Peters tells us in his talk, 'the welfare state . . . may have brought about unintended consequences which no one desired. We have on our hands new problems: broken homes . . .'

As it is unlikely that Mr. Peters really believes that homes only began to break up after 1945, he doubtless intended to convey to listeners his acceptance of the widely prevalent belief that the incidence of broken homes is

today higher than in the past. It would be helpful if he would disclose the evidence for this assertion.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11 O. R. MCGREGOR

Sir,—There is one bad slip in the first of Mr. Richard Peters' two talks (THE LISTENER, February 8). He must be quoting from memory, and his memory is at fault. Jesus as a boy in the Temple did not cause 'consternation', but only 'wonder' 'at his understanding and answers'. Neither is he said on this occasion to have spoken 'with authority', as he did when grown up. A reference to the relevant passage, Luke II: 46-47, will establish this. He appears on this occasion merely as an exceptionally bright and intelligent lad of twelve. There is nothing abnormal about him. The only claim that the boy Jesus spoke 'authoritative teaching' in the Temple is to be found in later spurious apocryphal books.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge A. C. BOUQUET

Le Corbusier; Utopian Architect

Sir,—Mr. Colin Rowe's article on Le Corbusier (THE LISTENER, February 12) offers, it seems to me, an original but somewhat limited assessment of this most controversial modern architect. It is 'limited' because it fails to take account of Le Corbusier's post-war career: and for this reason it tends to give a false impression of Le Corbusier's current position and current philosophy. Had this article been written, say, in 1945, it would have been regarded as a thoroughly adequate interpretation of Le Corbusier's pre-war role in the Modern Movement and of his contribution up to that date. Then it was usual, and perhaps reasonable, to regard Le Corbusier as a theorist working within 'a closed field', as a 'utopian architect', as a 'paper' architect, whose 'influence has been principally exercised through the medium of the illustrated book'. None of this is strictly true today. In the post-war period Le Corbusier has tended to concentrate on essentials, and he has noticeably come down to earth. He writes less, campaigns less, and concentrates on building.

Two of his greatest post-war buildings, the *Unité d'Habitation* block at Marseilles and the chapel at Ronchamp, have received great publicity and have been widely studied at first hand; and there are also the lesser *Unité* buildings at Nantes-Rézé, Berlin, and Meux, not to mention the Maisons Jaoul, the convent of La Tourette, and the extensive work in India. Today Le Corbusier's office has more work than ever before. Indeed, his present output of buildings is second only to Wright among the accredited masters of the Modern Movement; and in the period since the war his output of buildings cannot fall very far short of the post-war output of Mies, Gropius, and Wright put together.

All this, I submit, is somewhat at variance with the picture conjured up by Mr. Rowe's term 'utopian architect'. Before the war Le Corbusier's concepts may well have seemed visionary and utopian. Today, however, they are widely accepted, even in official circles, and are being put into practice in many parts of the world.—Yours, etc.,

Manchester DONALD TOMKINSON

The Making of Classical Greece

Sir,—In his talk on 'The Originality of the Greek City-State' (THE LISTENER, February 12) Mr. M. I. Finley states that 'Sparta (like

Athens) played no part in the colonization movement'. Surely he overlooks one significant exception.

According to a tradition current in the West at least as early as the fifth century, Tarentum (the modern Taranto in Italy) was colonized by Spartans who, for excellent reasons, found Sparta's 'advanced and original . . . political organization' intolerable. Their emigration was helped and encouraged by a liberal-minded king, who was later murdered by a member of the military aristocracy. Tarentum seems to have been a democratic city-state for over four centuries; Sparta never became one.

Yours, etc.,

Exeter

H. W. STUBBS

Modern American Novels

Sir,—Professor Arthur Mizener (THE LISTENER, February 12), I think, grossly overstates his case as regards misreading novels, particularly those of Sinclair Lewis. It seems idle to dispose of *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, *Martin Arrowsmith*, *Elmer Gantry*, etc., as 'muddles of earnest sentimentality'. That might apply to such a confused, late work as *The God Seeker*. The others are, indeed, excellent pieces of social satire. This is the same kind of thing that Balzac did for the Second Empire, Dickens for Victorian England, Galsworthy for the late Victorian period. If salencies are exaggerated—and with Sinclair Lewis, often amusingly if not hilariously so—it is the inevitable manner of the social satirist. This, no doubt, is neither the complete nor final American picture, but British readers will long continue to enjoy it—and not be so confused as Professor Mizener seems to imagine.—Yours, etc.,

Gatehouse-of-Fleet,
Kirkcudbrightshire

J. A. RUSSELL

Panorama of Modern China

Sir,—The report on developments in China (THE LISTENER, February 5) draws attention to the amazing energy and endurance of the Chinese. This is not a matter of surprise to those who had to deal with the men of the Chinese Labour Corps (about 100,000) who came to help us 'behind the lines' in the first world war.

Their contracts stipulated a fixed daily wage; so the only way to offer inducement to hard work was by setting a task to be done in eight hours, and allowing the men to return to camp as soon as the task was completed. The task was originally set on the basis of what was estimated to be the normal capacity of a British workman. The Chinese promptly proved their ability to complete such a task in five to six hours, and sometimes less. This was shown chiefly in those C.L.C. Companies employed in digging the Reserve line of trenches, well in rear of the front.

At Dieppe I remember seeing a Chinese, of a company employed in unloading a ship, moving off the gang plank at a jog trot with two bales of hay on his shoulders (320 lb.)

These men all came from northern China, and I wonder if the same strength and energy is shown by those of the south.

Yours, etc.,

Rye

E. G. WACE

Critic on the Hearth

Sir,—Two points arising in THE LISTENER of February 5:

(i) 'What next?' asks Mr. Scott Goddard in his music article. Beaumarchais wrote a trilogy

—*The Barber of Seville*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, and lastly *La Mère Coupable*. The last named is generally regarded as a very poor work, but if memory is correct it is based on the later life of the Count and Countess Almaviva. As to the other instances Mr. Goddard queries, I imagine they all retired into a quiet humdrum existence after lives fraught with far too much excitement.

(ii) Mr. Ian Rodger's criticism of the radio revival of Thomas Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, telling 'theatre-goers what they are missing', reminds me that it was played at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in 1922 and again at the Malvern Festival of 1933. So far as I know, these are the only stage performances in recent years.

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham

BARRY JACKSON

Religious Believers in Soviet Russia

Sir,—I can confirm, from personal experience, the statement of Walter Kolarz (THE LISTENER, January 29) that 'there are many millions of believers in Russia'.

When I was visiting the Soviet Union in 1957, I discussed this matter with clergy of the Protestant, the Roman Catholic, and the Orthodox Churches, with Jewish and Moslem leaders, and with Soviet officials concerned with relations with religious organizations. I visited several buildings for religious worship and, with one exception, found them well filled. I would put the number of practising Orthodox Christians (including Old Believers) somewhat lower than the figure 'between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000' suggested by Mr. Kolarz. There are, in addition, several million practising adherents of the Armenian Church; nearly 2,500,000 Roman Catholics, mainly in the Baltic regions; and some 3,000,000 Protestants (perhaps 2,000,000 Lutherans and 500,000 Evangelical-Baptists, as well as Calvinists and Methodists). Estimates of the number of practising Jews vary between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000, and there are more than 10,000,000 Moslems. There are small numbers of Mennonites, Adventists, Jehovah's Witnesses, and Buddhists.

My rough guess at the total number of practising religious believers in the Soviet Union is in the region of 50,000,000, or some 25 per cent. of the total population. I suppose the proportion is much the same in Britain.

Yours, etc.,

New York

SYDNEY D. BAILEY

Collecting Military Medals

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. A. Douglas Norton, in THE LISTENER of February 5, said that he believed the 'Culloden Medal' of 1745-46 was the first to be given to all ranks. The medal, struck in silver, gold, and perhaps bronze, was given to commanders only; the rank and file were not included. In fact H. A. Grueber says it is doubtful if the medal was issued at all.

What your correspondent may have confused is the fact that it was probably the first award to have a specified ribbon, the colours prescribed being crimson with a narrow green border. The border may have been indistinguishable on the piece which he remembers in the museum at Stroud.

Yours, etc.,

Liverpool, 15

PETER B. PRITCHARD

You raid



icebox

A7

Night. Starvation. Night. Owls hoot, clocks strike, wives snore like cellos.

Arise, get up, poor fellows! Raid icebox. Burgle refrigerator.

Stair creaks . . . clock tocks . . . hinge squeals . . . cat screams . . . dog groans . . .

heart hops . . . All lost? Wife's mellow snore . . . Excelsior.

Refrigerator! No nerves now. Cool as ice. No noise . . . no!

Open, click, shut, click, open, click, shut. Quiet.

Open: *leg of chicken*. Shut: *sealed, sure, safe sound*. Wilmot Breeden.

Latch handle, ingenious mechanism, all Wilmot Breeden. Open, shut. Effortless. Robust.

Research. Science. Mathematical principles. Miracle of. Wilmot Breeden.

Make latches and locks for refrigerators. And. For automobiles and. Make bumpers, handles, window-winders. And again. *Virtually every British car roads today components Wilmot Breeden.*

Ah. Aha. Ahaha! Sleep, now.

Round the London Art Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

ARTISTS who have a knack of attracting public attention are not necessarily the flashiest artists, any more than the best artists. Maybe the ones who get the most publicity tend to be among those who are something less than 'wholly serious', but that is incidental. What makes for publicity is giving people something to talk about. Now, the kind of talking-point that spreads an artist's name outside specialized circles is clearly not one that involves purely aesthetic problems, though these may come into it, but one that relates to the use of unfamiliar subject-matter or novel techniques (naturally, an even better passport to fame is a personal background that is either scandalous or fashionable, or, best of all, both).

Of the present younger generation of British painters, easily the most famous is John Bratby—nor has he needed *The Horse's Mouth* to make him so. To some extent his work owes the publicity it has received to aesthetic factors—to its obvious exceptional vigour, and to the immediacy of its attractiveness or repulsiveness. All the same, it is his subject-matter above all that has caught the public's imagination. If to this statement it be objected that he is only using much the same subject-matter as several of his contemporaries, the answer is that he is indeed, only more so.

The terrific popular appeal of Bratby's iconography is shown by the current fascination with the very similar iconography of *Look Back in Anger*. Bratby's tone has little or nothing in common with Osborne's: what they have in common is simply the emphasis they put on the fact that the setting for their figures is a lived-in kitchen, and not a drawing-room, or a dustbin either. To a foreigner it may seem surprising that the English are now finding the interior of a kitchen a prospect as strange and exciting as if it were the interior of a flying saucer, but a kitchen is of course exotic for a public brought up on the conventions of pastoral painting and drawing-room comedy and drawing-room painting.

Another thing which suggests that Bratby's fame is due mainly to the appeal of his iconography is the stock phrase by which he is most frequently identified in the national press: 'The leader [or a leader, or a member] of the kitchen sink school'. This phrase, or something like it, has been used during the last fortnight by the *Daily Mail*, *News Chronicle*, *The Manchester Guardian*, *Evening Standard*, *The Star*, and *The Observer*. As none but the *Guardian* seemed

to know what the expression 'kitchen sink school' was originally intended to mean, and, as it has been getting misused for some time now, it would be as well to reiterate what I meant when I coined it (in an article called 'The Kitchen Sink' published in *Encounter* about four years ago, and which, by the way, was mainly hostile to 'kitchen sink' painting).

I began by trying to typify the respective character of the still-life iconography of successive generations of twentieth-century painters

bohemian, homeless life implied by the cubists, the dedicated artist's life implied by Giacometti and Gruber, and of an inclusive acceptance of everything in sight opposed to the expressionists' selection of those things which have tragic, pathetic, or morbid implications. Incidentally, 'kitchen sink' painting is not an exclusive English phenomenon: it originated in France, with Rebeyrolle and Minaux.

Ordinariness and inclusiveness seem to be Bratby's concern as much in the recent somewhat Byzantine compositions of life-size figures posing for their portraits (now showing at the Beaux Arts: one was illustrated in *THE LISTENER* last week) as in those early works of his in which things and people were taken unawares. The figures portrayed are typical figures of his own generation (the art-studentish look they have would once have been outlandish but is now a norm), and Bratby's purpose seems to have been to bring out all their human dignity without glamorizing them or idealizing them, without suppressing their flaws. At the heart of his work, now as always, is a consuming desire to accept what is.

Elinor Bellingham-Smith's latest exhibition at the Leicester Galleries makes it perfectly plain that she is not a romantic landscapist, depending for her effects upon the evocation of an atmosphere heavily charged with feeling, but a lyrical landscapist, acutely

responsive to the natural beauties that are here and now, especially those of light and space.

Nobody working in this country today paints aspects of the English landscape with a more delicate fidelity. But there is more to Miss Bellingham-Smith's work than a hyper-sensitive eye and an exquisite feeling for tone. What makes her work really remarkable is that it reconciles these qualities with a crisp, vigorous, uninhibited handling of paint. The marks on the canvas have an intense and extremely free life of their own, a life that is at once nervous and surprisingly tough. The landscape is resolved into a self-sufficient configuration of abrupt lines, which in turn dissolves into a landscape that is perfectly particularized. And so a kind of painting which is generally no more than mildly pleasing, in her hands becomes, and remains, keenly exciting, through the interplay it creates and constantly renews between the vibrant calligraphic life of the strokes on the surface of the canvas and the life of the landscape which the canvas opens to reveal.



'Autumn', by Elinor Bellingham-Smith: from the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

—the comfortable bourgeois world of Bonnard and Vuillard, the more luxurious and artistic bourgeois milieu of Matisse, the café life implicit in cubism, the 'kitchen which might be a sacrificial altar' of expressionism, the dream objects of surrealism, and the world confined within the artist's studio of Gruber and Giacometti. I went on:

The post-war generation takes us back from the studio to the kitchen. Dead ducks, rabbits and fish—especially skate—can be found there, as in the expressionist slaughterhouse, but only as part of an inventory which includes every kind of food and drink, every kind of utensil and implement, the usual plain furniture, and even the baby's nappies on the line. Everything but the kitchen sink? The kitchen sink too. The point is that it is a very ordinary kitchen, lived in by a very ordinary family.

'The kitchen sink', then, was intended as a symbol, not of squalor, as is often supposed, but, on the one hand, of ordinariness and, on the other, of inclusiveness—of an ordinary domesticity opposed to the privileged life implied in the work of Bonnard and Matisse, the

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Imperial Idea and its Enemies

By A. P. Thornton. Macmillan. 30s.

Reviewed by LEONARD WOOLF

PROFESSOR THORNTON has written a book which contains a mass of important, useful, and interesting material. So far, so good, but the good might have been so much better if only Professor Thornton had dealt with this material somewhat differently. His book is about the British Empire and the 'idea' of that empire as it developed in the nineteenth century and right through the fifty-eight years of the twentieth century, up to and including the most recent imperial convulsions in Suez and Cyprus. His intention, as his title indicates, was to deal with the idea rather than with the history of the empire. Unfortunately he does not appear to have made up his mind whether in practice he wanted to investigate and elucidate the beliefs and desires of those who supported and those who opposed the ideas and ideals of empire, or to give a chronological account of the rise and fall of the British Empire from the *civis Romanus sum* speech of Palmerston to what he calls 'the Suez débâcle of 1956'.

It is true, of course, that you cannot separate political ideas and ideals from political actions and events. To take an extreme example, political ideas in the head of General Dyer played an important part in determining his action, the massacre in the Jallianwallah Bagh at Amritsar; his action had a catastrophic effect upon the ideas of empire in the heads of vast numbers of Indians and a good many British; and these new ideas had in their turn a profound effect upon future events in India. Professor Thornton is therefore right to deal with both the ideas and the events—and that is why he has written a potentially useful book. You can find in his pages the views regarding imperialism of Disraeli, Froude, Seeley, Henry, Lord Randolph Churchill, Hobson, Mrs. Webb, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Milner, and many other famous men. You can also read in these pages an accurate and fairly detailed chronological account of the rise and (should it be called?) fall of Britain's nineteenth-century empire. But the more one reads the more disappointed and bemused one becomes. In the end the history of it seems to have become simply one damned idea and one damned event after another—and no connexion between any of them.

There are several causes of the confusion which Professor Thornton leaves in his reader's mind. The most important is his failure himself to grasp and keep clearly before his mind the main 'imperial ideas' which have determined imperial history. No doubt most of them have been at one moment or another in his mind, but they become confused in the welter of facts or events which he too conscientiously plods through. For instance, if you are dealing with the imperial idea, nothing is more fundamental than the difference between the idea and the ideal of the Empire and the idea and ideal of the Commonwealth. We may accept Disraeli's view, endorsed by Professor Thornton, that the idea behind the Empire is 'simply' power (though we

may profoundly disagree with their opinion that 'what politics is about' is 'simply power'). But the Imperial idea and Empire developed into the Commonwealth idea and the Commonwealth. Professor Mansergh, recently in his inaugural address as Professor of Commonwealth History and Institutions in New Delhi, said that 'no understanding of the foundations and the innermost impulses of the Commonwealth, as distinguished from the Empire, is possible without the realization that the essential, the enduring element . . . is discussion about questions with which there is a practical and common concern'. And Commonwealth co-operation derives 'from such agreement as comes from discussion among equals of their common problems'.

Nowhere in Professor Thornton's book is there an adequate appreciation or analysis of this conflict between the idea of power and the idea of 'discussion among equals'. But is it not possible—and even desirable—that the Imperial idea and the Empire will be destroyed finally, not by the 'enemies' with whom Professor Thornton is mainly concerned, but by the Commonwealth and its idea?

Flood Tide in China. By C. P. FitzGerald. Cresset. 25s.

Professor FitzGerald visited China in 1956 and returned to Canberra to write his China book. To the prejudiced every non-hostile remark about the People's Republic is evidence that the author is either pitifully gullible or culpably misleading. Professor FitzGerald is less easy to laugh off. In the first place he had been there before, so that he could compare the advance of today with the backwardness of the past as he saw it himself. In the second place he is a Chinese scholar who has written a distinguished history of China and an illuminating account of the revolution which brought the Communists to power. He is thus able to present his subject in the context of Chinese culture and world history. His book has an authority and tone that lift it above the dreary nattering of propaganda.

The visitor to modern China sees a lot of the intellectuals. They are enthusiastic and puritanical, giving one the impression of some overwhelming change of heart. Are they putting on an act? Most visitors did not know them before, but Professor FitzGerald did, and in his opinion a change of heart has indeed occurred. The descendants of the land-owning scholars, who for centuries formed the bureaucracy of the Empire, are ashamed of the conditions to which China was reduced under the Kuomintang and the Japanese invasion. They welcome a régime that is not corrupt and that is really doing something to improve China's position in the world. The 'blooming of many flowers', encouraged by Chairman Mao, may have been a rather dirty trick, but according to Professor FitzGerald, no one was severely punished for throwing up blooms of the wrong colour. The point is that China needs her intelligentsia and profits from the Russian 'mistakes', while the intelligentsia is thankful to have a stable framework within which it can operate, even though the forbidden territory of ideas is some-

what different from the ones to which for generations it has had to adjust itself.

What, however, about the peasants? Unlike the Russian revolution the Chinese Communist movement is based on the peasantry. Show villages on the tourist route can be written off as propaganda, but Professor FitzGerald seems to have travelled off the beaten track. He does not say—and this is a weakness—exactly where he went in search of antiquity, but one gathers that he went far afield and found that: 'There is no evidence at all that the establishment of the Higher Stage (collectives) met with passive resistance or open defiance'. From official hand-outs we know that the Government itself was surprised at the willingness of the peasants to accept collectivization. Anyway, according to Professor FitzGerald, the peasants are really better off, and it is this observable fact that enables the Government to open up the countryside to all who want to visit it. All books on China are out of date before publication, and one would have liked to hear Professor FitzGerald's views on the new Communes.

If the peasants are happy, if the intellectuals are converted, and if the remnants of the 'National Bourgeoisie' (big business) are playing ball as partners in their enterprises, there is no doubt about the present régime's being there to stay. Everyone is getting something out of it, and only a few can hope for anything better out of Taiwan. At last this is being realized, but what of the future? Professor FitzGerald discusses the problem of Formosa and the change that has been brought about by the emergence of China as a great power in Asia. The Americans would no doubt like to extricate themselves from their support for Chang Kai-shek but find it no easy matter. Perhaps they will try to invent two Chinas—which will satisfy no one. Meanwhile the technical advance of China, observed by countless delegations from Asian and African countries, is bound to give rise to dangerous thoughts. The 'Middle Kingdom' has come into its own again, and the sooner we realize it the better.

W. J. H. SPROTT

Trees of Britain. By Robert Gurney. Faber. 30s.

A good new book about trees is always welcome although we already have so many. Trees are the most remarkable ornaments of the natural world and we cannot persuade too many people to take an interest in them.

Dr. Gurney's interest in trees is well known and his guide to the trees of Britain will help those who look at trees to do so with heightened vision. He has copiously illustrated the book with his line drawings and there are a number of photographs, some of great beauty. Particularly successful are those by Kenneth Scowan which show trees growing in community like the silver birches on Banstead Heath and the beeches in Mickleham Woods and the Scots pines of Ashdown Forest. Too often books are illustrated with pictures of a single isolated tree and, which is more serious, we see the planting of single specimens in gardens where space

*how
can
a man
see
the
years
ahead?*



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would allow a more natural grouping. We need William Robinson's attacks as much as did the Victorians at whom they were directed.

Dr. Gurney's approach to trees is essentially practical.

Hollies accessible from roads near towns are apt to be so hacked about by those who want berries for Christmas that . . . it may become necessary to protect the trees with whitewash at that time. Similarly it was found some years ago in Norfolk that the only way to protect the eggs of the Sandwich terns from egg collectors was to mark them with indelible pencil. The birds did not object.

And as he arms us with whitewash spray and indelible pencil, so he warns us that the rabbits will eat the bark of the holly, but birch, sycamore and elder are safe from them. And as though to answer our question—who would want to grow elder?—he explains its many uses:

The pith is valuable for electrical experiments, and to make stoppers for tubes containing specimens . . . Musical pipes, children's pop-guns or fire bellows can be made from pith-less shoots.

And again he ends his dissertations on the hazel, which among other things demonstrates that the mean temperature for the months of August-September has fallen by five degree since Neolithic times, with

a forked hazel twig is generally used by water diviners, and by children for catapults!

It would be ungracious to criticize the inclusion of exotics in a book on the trees of Britain for truly indigenous trees are few, and books confined to them plain fare. But it is odd to find the Italian maple included and the oriental plane omitted.

HIRAM WINTERBOTHAM

The Age of Improvement

By Asa Briggs. Longmans. 35s.

This book is a volume in the new Longmans series entitled 'A History of England', edited by Professor Medlicott and superseding an older series in which the volume on the reign of Queen Victoria was written by Sir Sidney Low. The new series boldly ignores dynasties and reigns. Professor Briggs's volume begins in 1783 and ends in 1867, the year of Disraeli's Reform Act, 'the leap in the dark'. It is both more and less than a historical text-book; indeed students who take it as such may be in some difficulties. For Mr. Asa Briggs, one of our young and brilliant university professors and an acknowledged authority on the Victorian period, concentrates on what most interests him, on movements and ideas, on social structure and the formation of parliaments. He obviously does not much care for battles—Waterloo and Trafalgar are dismissed in a few lines; literature (Jane Austen, for example) is used chiefly to illustrate social themes; foreign affairs receive somewhat perfunctory notice and are dealt with chiefly in relation to internal politics. Finally, one cannot help noticing a certain carelessness of style, as if part of the book had been dictated in a hurry. More rigorous writing would have sharpened the argument.

But this much having been said, Professor Briggs has written a profoundly stimulating book which has many virtues. At the beginning of the present century the Victorians looked like giants; in the 'twenties, in the days of Lytton Strachey, they appeared as ludicrous pygmies; now we are

beginning to assess them more justly. As Professor Briggs says, some of the characteristics on which they prided themselves—the gospel of work, 'seriousness' of character, respectability and self-help—were often proclaimed not because they were conspicuous but because they were absent'. Nor will Professor Briggs have much truck with the modern vogue for 'Victoriana' or Liberal 'uplift'. We know now that some of the pillars of Victorian literature were not all that they pretended to be. Carlyle, Ruskin, and Morris were destructive rather than constructive critics of art and society. Too much moral clap-trap penetrated into both art and literature, as well as into politics; while church-going and chapel-going were largely middle-class habits. The labouring poor lived in conditions of squalor and, even if their standard of living was rising, were often made to sweat. In the nostalgia that is often felt for that age there is no doubt a hopeless wish by the middle classes to be the masters again or a reaction of Philistines against modern abstract art.

Certain hard paradoxes are to be discovered in the history of Victorian England. When Europe was in a revolutionary mood in the eighteen-forties, the democratization of the franchise was laid aside in favour of Free Trade. When in the 'sixties much economic and social distress prevailed, the Conservatives brought in the second Reform Act. Indeed, Victorian statesmen seem to have had a genius for doing the right thing at the wrong time. Professor Briggs makes out a case for the Crimean War, but it still seems to be an example of muddling through rather than a tribute to the statesmanship of the ruling classes. For was not Hohenzollern Prussia rather than Tsarist Russia the real enemy of the balance of power? In any case, Professor Briggs should be congratulated on his book because it will make his readers—especially those of us who are not experts on the Victorian age (for whom no doubt the volume is intended)—think once more of the inner meaning of that superficially successful and exuberant society in which our grandfathers or great-grandfathers lived and whose sense of moral purpose we were brought up to admire.

MAURICE ASHLEY

The Life of Burns. By J. G. Lockhart.
New introduction by James Kinsley.
Everyman Bicentenary Special.
Dent. 10s. 6d.

The Poetical Works of Robert Burns
Edited by William Wallace.

Bicentenary Edition. Chambers. 15s.

The Burns Encyclopaedia. By Maurice Lindsay. Hutchinson. 25s.

I cannot imagine what Professor Kinsley was about in writing his fatuous little introduction to the Everyman reprint of Lockhart's *Life of Burns*. Lockhart was in many ways closer to Burns than we can ever get, and was in touch with those who knew him. This makes his inaccuracies and mendacities all the less excusable. Further, his whole approach to the poet is desperately wrong, and he misquotes, misinterprets and misunderstands with persuasive gusto. The biographer who (as Sir Herbert Grierson has shown) invented Scott's dying words in order to edify the reader is hardly the man to be trusted with Burns. Yet this is in its way a

brilliant biography, and if it misunderstands many important aspects of its subject (see, for example, the comments on 'Holy Willie's Prayer' and 'O wha my babie-clouts will buy?') it has its own kind of sympathy and élan. Surely, however, the function of an introduction—particularly one written by a scholar who is now working on a definitive edition of Burns's poems—is to put the biography in its historical perspective and explain just where Lockhart goes wrong. For this is no book to put into the hands of readers who want an introduction to Burns: the misunderstandings are too radical. I would much rather see DeLancey Ferguson's brilliant (and unread) study of the poet, *Pride and Passion*, take its place as the authoritative introduction to Burns's life and character. Lockhart's is a period piece, to be read with a sense of when and by whom it was written. Professor Kinsley should surely have said something about the tradition of Burns biography and where Lockhart stands with respect to it. The tradition which went from John Richmond, Burns's crony, to James Grierson of Dalgone, from Grierson to Joseph Train and from Train (with omissions and modifications) to Lockhart makes itself a fascinating story, and Lockhart's other sources, from Heron and Currie on, are well worth discussion. To throw Lockhart at the general reader unqualified is particularly dangerous when his subject is a poet more misunderstood and sentimentalized over than perhaps any other British writer.

The Everyman volume has Lockhart's selection of Burns's letters, for the most part in faulty or inadequate texts. What on earth is Professor Kinsley, who has recently been thundering against the re-printing of Burns's poems in texts that are not as perfect as those he is preparing to give to the world himself, doing in associating himself with the perpetration of these bad texts, when accurate texts are now available?

This question of Burns's text brings us to the 'bicentenary edition' published by Messrs. Chambers with attractive woodcuts by Lennox Paterson. The non-specialist reader might suppose that a 'bicentenary edition' edited by William Wallace, LL.D. is a new edition prepared for Burns's bicentenary this year, and that William Wallace is a modern Burns scholar. In fact, this is a reprint of a nineteenth-century edition, and William Wallace was one of the great nineteenth-century editors of Burns. The order in which the poems are arranged is somewhat puzzling; it starts out as roughly chronological but later abandons chronology. The marginal glosses are more helpful than the glossary at the end of some editions, and notes at the foot of the page provide genially miscellaneous information about the date and background of some of the poems. Altogether, though this is not an up-to-date edition so far as scholarship and text go, it is a perfectly satisfactory edition for the general reader and, at present prices, gives a good fifteen shillings worth.

Maurice Lindsay's *Encyclopaedia* tells us about many people, places and things associated with Burns. It is obviously a labour of love, and equally obviously done more rapidly than a work of this kind ought to be. There are, perhaps inevitably, omissions and inconsistencies. One could have wished, for example, for some information about the tunes for which Burns wrote his songs (particularly since Mr. Lindsay is himself an accomplished music critic). But

we look in vain for an entry for, say, James Millar, the Edinburgh advocate who composed (using only the black notes of the piano, which Stephen Clarke had told him represented the old Scottish five-tone scale) the reel tune 'The Caledonian Hunt's Delight', which Burns slowed down before writing for it several songs includ-

ing 'Ye banks and braes'. Lord Chesterfield, however, has an entry, because Burns once referred to him. It is, I suppose, to be expected that in a work of this kind there is more about trivial matters associated with Burns than about the poems. Still, serious students of Burns will find this a handy reference work, even if I cannot

see what the general reader, for whom it seems to be intended, will want with it. The Burns Cult, as we all know, has always made more of a fuss about Burnsiana than about Burns's poems, and I fear that Mr. Lindsay's useful and honest compilation will be misused to encourage this tendency.

DAVID DAICHES

New Novels

The Breaking of Bumbo. By Andrew Sinclair. Faber and Faber. 15s.

At Fever Pitch. By Andrew Caute. Andre Deutsch. 16s.

Private Company. By Dudley Barker. Longmans. 16s.

Road to the Coast. By John Harris. Hutchinson. 13s. 6d.

THE *Breaking of Bumbo* and *At Fever Pitch* are both very good first novels, and rather more than this. They are both by very young men (Mr. Sinclair is twenty-two and Mr. Caute is twenty) who have found material for their novels in the experiences of National Service, and in this they resemble a number of other novels that have recently been published, but they are a good deal better than most of their kind. It is interesting to reflect that while, before the war, the typical young man's novel was a tale of woe from prep school, public school or university, it is now likely to be a barrack room story from home or abroad; the difference is a difference of more than generations, and from a literary point of view at least one cannot help feeling that the change is a change for the better. Mr. Caute, for instance, at twenty, is writing out of a range and variety of experience which only National Service could have brought within the reach of most young men, and with a maturity which would seem to be the direct result of it. As against the angry young men who attract such dazzling and remunerative publicity, one wishes that those who are interested in the signs of our times would give more attention to the increasing number of gifted young writers whose most formative experience has been, it would seem, to serve as soldiers of the Crown in the army of an Empire in decay.

The Breaking of Bumbo is the story of a young man who has the 'misfortune' to perform his National Service in the Brigade of Guards. Bumbo Bailey has the formal qualifications to play the part, having been to the right schools and met the right people, but his social background is not really up to it, being dim and obscure, and his intellectual qualities are a positive handicap. To him the Brigade is *they* not *we*; and he knows that though *they* may accept him, he does not really belong to *them*. He loyally goes through the motions, military and social (Bank Picquet, Tower Guard, débutantes' balls, Ascot, Lord's), that are required of him, but he also makes eccentric friends among degenerate aesthetes from Chelsea, and over-indulgence in drink and sex make him pass out at a Lieutenant-Colonel's inspection. His 'breaking' comes when he can no longer restrain his anti-social instincts and incites the regimental rugby team to mutiny when his battalion is about to be ordered to Suez. His end is a sad one: he has to resign from the Regiment, marries a rich débutante, who has got herself pregnant, and takes up a remunerative sinecure in the City provided by her father.

Mr. Sinclair succeeds in making Bumbo comic and pathetic without being contemptible; he is equally successful in depicting some of the more savage and esoteric customs of the Brigade, as of some strange tribe whose life is lived entirely in the shadow of totem and taboo. *The Breaking of Bumbo* is more than promising; it is extremely amusing; and it gives us a sharp and acrid view of a world in which personal tragedy is played out as farce.

At Fever Pitch explores a wider world than the hothouses of Mayfair and the Brigade, where such strange orchids bloom, and its fault, if it is a fault, is that Mr. Caute has undertaken to cover almost too much ground. A British colony in Africa is on the eve of achieving independence, and the two native political parties are engaged in murderous intrigues to achieve political leadership. A brigade of native troops, under British officers, has the task of maintaining security, and is disintegrating under the combined effects of political tension and military incompetence. A young subaltern, Michael Glyn, is struggling out of adolescence, seduces his native servant and is in turn subjected to the homosexual advances of his very sinister brigadier. The British officers, and their wives, are each oppressed by personal difficulties, which arise out of the intolerable situation in which they find themselves.

To weave all these themes into a single narrative, to see them all from a consistent point of view, to give each its separate weight and force in the novel's skilfully contrived climax, would tax anyone's powers and if Mr. Caute does not absolutely succeed it is because he does not wish to neglect any of the implications of his story. But at least his hero's troubles find a violent resolution when, faced with a native mob incited to violence by propaganda, he shoots them down and has to stand trial before a native African court. Mr. Caute's novel is essentially a picture of dying imperialism face to face with ascendant nationalism, and both the smell of decay and the smell of triumph are equally strong in it.

After these two novels, *Private Company* may seem a little pale and conventional. Mr. Barker's characters are made of not very solid pasteboard, and his novel holds one's interest entirely on account of its subject, which is the affairs of a successful company on the eve of making a public issue. This may not sound very exciting, and perhaps that is why Mr. Barker has felt he needed to enliven it with beautiful Swiss girl pianists, seductive Australians, working-class bitches with hearts of gold, and pictures of high life, social and intellectual, in London.

All this is poor enough, but Mr. Barker makes up for it by his awareness of what a delicate and complicated machine any large industrial organization is, and of the elaborate interplay of economic and personal tensions which make it work. How does a factory operate? How are wage claims negotiated? How does a manager make decisions? What makes a private company go to the public and how does it prepare for such an ordeal? Who actually exercises power in a large modern business? These are the kind of questions Mr. Barker is interested in, and in answering them he evidently does his best to be fair to all sides but one cannot really feel that he has been completely successful. The chairman of the company, who has socialist dreams for its future, is a somewhat self-satisfied and feather-headed philanthropist; the workers in the factory are actuated almost entirely by greed, and, if not by greed, by ambition; only the stubbornly paternalistic managing director and his tough-minded son who manages the factory really know what is good for the business and therefore, by the kind of implication which Charlie Wilson once bluntly stated, for the country, and so very rightly they triumph. From the artistic point of view it is a hollow triumph; but perhaps this does not matter so much as Mr. Barker's picture of the small day-to-day tensions and struggles, occasionally breaking out into open economic and personal conflict, which make up the life of a large business.

The Road to the Coast can be recommended as a straightforward and well-written adventure story, in which the characters have sufficient reality and interest to sustain the action. Mr. Harris writes good plain prose and the speed of his narrative is well maintained and skilfully varied; he also has a sharp eye for local colour and the events of his story, however exciting, never step over the edge of probability. In *Road to the Coast* we are in a South American country embroiled in revolution. A tough bad-hat Englishman, Harry Ash, in trouble with police and politicians, is making his way across country to the river, where a broken-down tramp steamer is waiting to carry him to safety. But on his way he picks up a nice and good-looking Englishwoman, accompanied by a child, who are also trying to flee the country. They reach the steamer but war and revolution prevent them sailing; Harry Ash displays unsuspected qualities of leadership and self-sacrifice; by cunning and determination he secures the release of the ship, at a heavy cost to himself, but with the assurance that one day a good woman will be waiting for him when at last he returns to England.

GORONWY REES



COURT OF COMMON QUERY—2

by *PODALIRIUS*

COUNSEL FOR MR. DOE, A MAN IN THE STREET, QUESTIONS MR. ROE, A PHARMACEUTICAL MANUFACTURER.

Mr. Roe, you will naturally deny that pharmaceutical manufacturers make substantial profits out of the NHS?

—No, I won't. They may seem high for some drugs, when one considers merely the cost of making and packing them; but not in relation to the expenditure needed to discover and develop them.

And why should that be so high?—Among other reasons, because, for every successful drug produced, there may be ninety-nine that have to be discarded due to one factor or another. But research costs are high, and the cost of the failures is part of the cost of the successes.

Yet you recover them, thanks to the price and monopolies in your industry, mentioned by my client?—He could not give one concrete example.

Are they matters you would make public?—The Monopolies Commission made one of them public in 1952. It said about insulin manufacture, which is in the hands of only four firms, that the arrangements that obtain operate in the public interest.

And that, of course, is the lodestar of pharmaceutical firms?—No more than it is for lawyers, say. Apart from such public spirit as we have, and the many controls that affect us, what we do for the public good is a by-product of what we do for our own private good.

Mr. Roe, do you ask us to believe that attention to your various private advantages safeguards the public good?—Yes, because it means competition in the industry.

Tell me, Mr. Roe: why does your—er—public spirit not lead you to heed the appeals that have been made for manufacturers to give drugs their official names?—Well, first we apply for an official name for a drug very early on in its life; but we may not get it for some time.

And when you do, it is often multisyllabic, whereas the brand names are short and snappy, and doctors remember them easily?—Naturally they are: we choose them. Most important, of course, is that each firm wants its brand name to be used, so that it can recover research costs and make a profit.

The fact remains that branded drugs do have official equivalents?—Less than half do. And, if I may enlighten the court further, most official drugs start life as branded products; and quite a few official drugs are available only in brand form.

You seem to imply that the industry pours out a host of important new drugs every year?—Perhaps three or four; plus dozens of marginal improvements. But in the last 25 years drug treatment has advanced more than in the previous 500. Ask any doctor. And that's largely thanks to the pharmaceutical industry.

Mr. Roe, suppose finally, despite its many reputed virtues, I suggested to you that the pharmaceutical industry was a racket? The truth never hurts, does it?—Well, if it doesn't, I'd say you were a palpable romancer.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

The Witness Box

CHANNEL ONE continues to devote a gratifyingly large number of programmes to the social problems of our time. Last week's 'Lifeline', on mental health, wisely eschewed (with only half an hour at its disposal) the large cast and production-tricks of the recent hour-long Granada documentary on the same subject. Instead, two ex-patients, one a journalist, the other author of a book on manic-depression, were allowed to speak at length, without interruption, and very frankly. The result was far from reassuring. Mr. Sayer said he had recently seen male nurses use obscene language and violence; Mr. Custance had himself actually been beaten unconscious in a mental hospital some years ago.

The medical superintendent who spoke next very naturally refused to comment on these experiences, in the absence of evidence from other patients and the staff. But he admitted that mental hospitals are grossly overcrowded, with ten or fifteen doctors to 2,000 patients. Given that, and given also buildings put up at a time when mental patients were regarded as lunatics, one could understand, though not excuse, such possible lapses into the primitive. The inescapable conclusion was that far more money must be spent on mental patients, who already account for nearly half the hospital beds in the country.

This programme may have given pain and alarm to some people. But even if Messrs. Sayer and Custance were the only two ex-mental patients in England to have fallen into rough hands, we still ought to hear about it. In this country it is not enough for things to be wrong; they must be seen to be wrong. When Mr. Sayer left hospital, several people assumed he would have recourse to television which, with its immense prestige, immediacy of impact and almost national status, is rapidly becoming everyman's witness box, with a jury of millions. This kind of programme is the answer to those who still think they can dismiss the medium as trivial.

This has been one of the foggiest winters for many years, so Robert Reid's 'Second Enquiry' into smog was topical. In fact, at the present rate of action against this unpleasant and ridiculous evil, a similar programme can be produced and be equally topical every year for the next hundred years; and yet one expert estimated that we could deal with it in fifteen if we really got down to it. In Manchester, the scene of Friday's programme, they have had a smokeless city centre for some time (we got a nice view of Piccadilly Gardens on what looked suspiciously like a hot summer day); but all round stretch zones where pathetic and useless compromises called 'smoke control' steadily undo all the good work in the middle. Smoke, as someone sagely reminded us, does not recognize local boundaries.

An appropriate air of gloom hung over this programme; there were some prime examples of muddled thinking. For instance, it is not worth installing new grates in 'condemned' houses, even though these will very likely not come down for forty years. Then there were the people who thought smokeless fuel a splendid idea, but you 'can't beat a nice coal fire', can you, and why doesn't science do something about smog? (In fairness to these people, I should say that coal is cheap and easy and cosy and continues, absurdly, to be recommended in advertisements.) Then there are the Smoke Clearance Councils which, we were solemnly told, meet frequently and hear papers read (and then burn them?). Meanwhile we continue to run up enormous bills for ill-health, transport delays, etc. They got rid of smog all right in



Robert Reid interviewing a chimney-sweep in Manchester during the programme about 'Smog' in the series 'Second Enquiry' on February 13

Pittsburgh; but the outlook in Manchester, and in London, Glasgow, Bristol, and every large town in Britain, seems to be 'fog will persist . . .'

Considering the number of people killed each year on our roads, I thought the Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport made a poor showing against Francis Williams in 'Panorama's' investigation of our driving standards. Are young motorists who have passed the Ministry's test (unchanged since 1935) after perhaps only a few months' experience, competent to handle fast modern cars on our awful roads? According to Mr. Nugent, they know the basic principles; they have only to apply them and they will eventually become safe and skilful drivers: 'translate into the blood what they have learnt with the brain' was his unhappy phrase; what if, meanwhile, the blood is somebody else's? Mr. Nugent rashly compared learning to drive with learning English; but Mr. Williams was not having that. With his usual forthrightness he pointed out that mistakes in grammar are never lethal.

This item must have made many people wonder whether some probationary period should not be introduced for newly qualified drivers: a year, say, after which they might take another test and only then, if successful, be allowed to remove their L-plates. But that would cost money; and we seem, as a nation, reluctant to spend money even to have lives.

The Attlee-Truman conversation, in the fascinating 'Small World' series, was quiet, friendly, and enjoyable. The two statesmen could not quite bring themselves to call each other by their Christian



Lord Attlee, O.M., in London, and (right) Mr. Harry S. Truman, in Independence, Missouri, as viewers saw them in 'Small World' on February 14, when they took part in an inter-continental conversation. The 'host' in New York was Edward R. Murrow



names; but they achieved a remarkable measure of agreement, even when it was agreement to differ on the constitutional traditions of their respective countries. One could not help thinking that in one respect Britain scored. We can retain the political wisdom of Attlee, whereas there is not much place in the American system for the political wisdom of Truman.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

Long and Short Views

AT LAST THE SELWAYS of *The Exiles* have come *Full Circle*. In 1959 Gaffer Jack, who must be 104 by now if he was eighteen when we first met him marrying in 1873, came up uncommonly spry for a centenarian, and only pretending to be muzzy-minded, to see peace established both among his own contentious tribe and between the long-settled locals and the New Australians from Europe. This did not alter my previous view that the Dominion history which the Selways helped to make was more interesting than the herd of Selways themselves. There should have been a family tree published in *Radio Times* to help us out with the elders and youngsters who went on multiplying over our Sunday evenings.

The Selway saga had four solid slabs of ninety minutes. I am sure that some, perhaps many, would have liked the family better if we had seen rather less of them. This is not meant to slight Lynn Foster's writing: but there can be too much of a good thing. Why must the Sunday night play always run to an hour and a half and occasionally even more? The Television Playwright series on Tuesdays usually gains by its limitation to an hour.

It is understandable that if a stage play which has a playing time of more than ninety minutes is adapted for television it is unfair to hack it about. The 'World Theatre' series which was being run at this season last year deserved every minute of its time; but *The Exiles* was not a stage-play or a quartet of stage-plays: it was television and it should have been planned to suit that medium: an unbroken concentration on the screen for an hour and a half is something of a strain, unless the quality of the piece is of a completely compelling kind. *The Exiles*, with all its merits, was not of that quality.

While the Sunday plays get this lavish allotment by the programme-planners, the potted classics, be they of Dickens, Thackeray, or Trollope, are sliced into thirty-minute segments. Often there are fifteen or even more characters, considerable people in the book, and played by a cast that could make the most of them. But their shares are reduced to tiny scraps in which the richness of the character can only be hinted at and not properly brought out. This seems to me a waste of talent and unfair to the book in question. I would as readily take another ten minutes or quarter of an hour in each section of *The Last Chronicle of Barset* as I would readily have said good-night to the Selways half an hour earlier.

For a series thriller, thirty-minute episodes may do, especially if the cast is not large and we are given synopses. The 'Quatermass' affair did well, with explanatory introduc-



Donald Pleasence (left) as Detective-Inspector Yates and Stephen Murray as Clifton Morris with (background) Reginald Barratt as Eric, in the first episode of *The Scarf* on February 9

tions, and it would be well to keep us up to date with *The Scarf* by explanations in *Radio Times*. This murder-mystery by Francis Durbridge made an arresting start on February 9, if arresting is the right word when we know that no arrest will be made for some weeks. Donald Pleasence's 'dead-pan' performance as the taciturn and seemingly dim detective made a useful change from the flamboyant and talkative types. Stephen Murray, as the wealthy magazine proprietor, was also so impressively stark and so much under suspicion that one immediately credited him with a heart as golden as his income and with hands unstained. Or is the author going to work the rare surprise of making the obvious murderer the real one? I am determined to hold on and find out.

No doubt the psycho-analysts can find reasons why murder never seems to pall. I must confess to occasional apprehension at the prospect of yet another corpse on the carpet with a crowd of suspects waiting, like chops and steaks in a restaurant, to be put on the grill. But a critic must come up fresh and willing for another session with the motives and the alibis. In *Murder on the Agenda* (February 14) Eynon



Scene from *Skeleton in the Sand* televised on February 10, with (left to right) Lyndon Brook as Lieutenant Varley, Patrick Allen as Sergeant Shaw, Victor Maddern as Driver Reynolds, and Barry Warren as Driver Lawrence

Evans gave us, in wild Wales, a group of ex-prisoners of war conspiring to kill a war-time double-crosser whose conduct had brought torture, insanity, and death to one of their friends. The complications of this revenge put as much strain on one's attention as does the filling of a 'Pools' coupon with recommended permutations. I looked, I listened, I was foxed, and I am ready to believe that it all made sense in the end.

Emrys Jones played the leading suspect with his usual ease of style, while the police were led by David Davies, an Inspector as formidable of physique as swift of intuition. I was left wondering why detectives, when paying an indoor call, always keep their overcoats on and sometimes their hats too. Is this refusal to 'doff' a standing order of Police Force procedure?

In *Hook, Line and Sinker*, 'excerpted' from the play running at the Piccadilly Theatre, Robert Morley put both paunch and punch into a fishy story from the French.

Joan Plowright twittered and dithered most entertainingly as a wife engaged in a slight case of murder, with Bernard Cribbins ably enticing her on. Mr. Morley, as a stout French zealot of rod and line, did not have to angle for laughs: with his mastery of timing and pointing dialogue he made the laughs leap to meet him. I was an easy catch and soon in the Morley landing-net.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

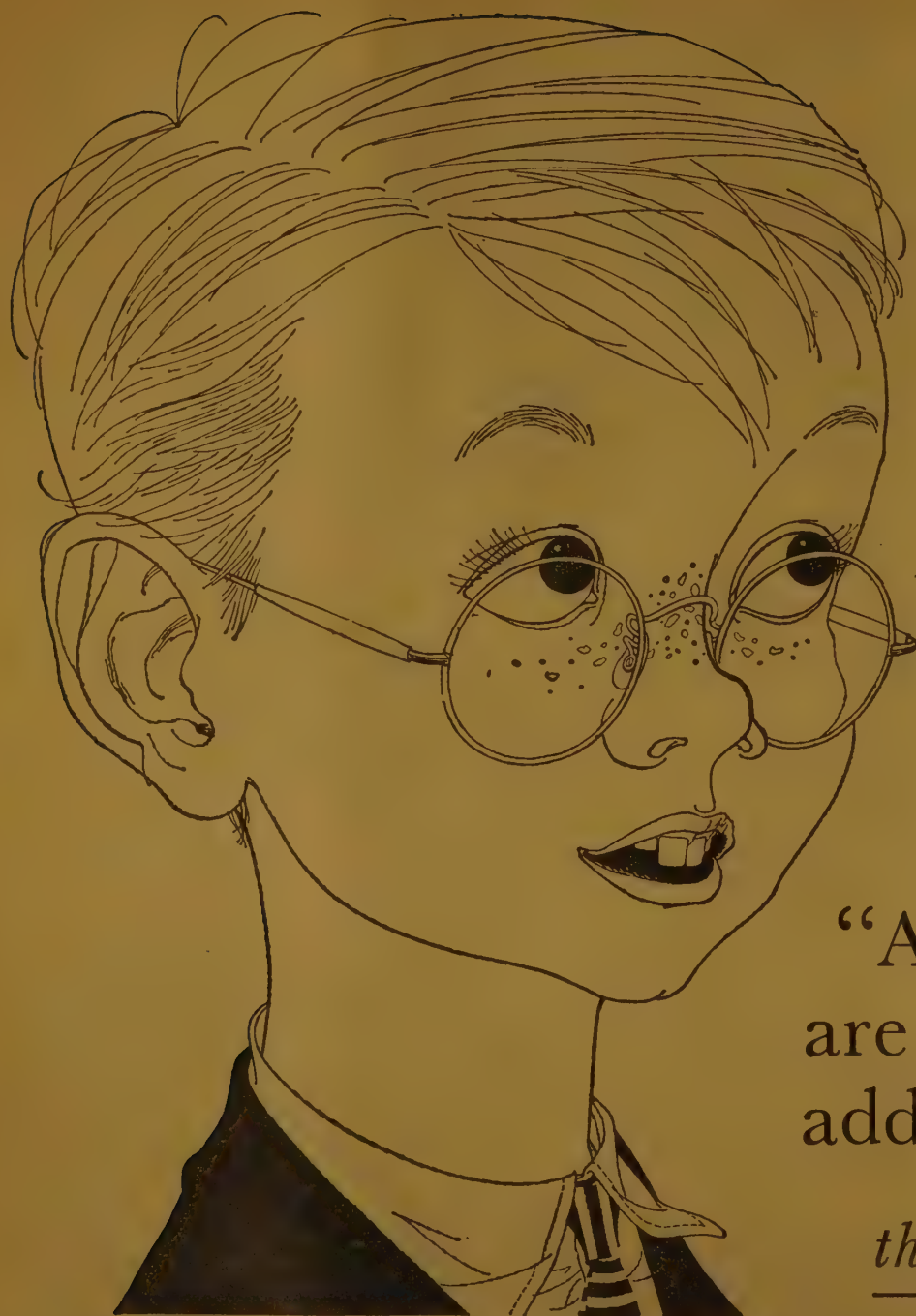
DRAMA

Three Styles

THREE METHODS OF BROADCASTING presentation made illuminating comparisons last week. The content in each case demanded a different form but the forms chosen revealed something of the change in approach to sound broadcasting which is now current. The three plays were *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* by Robert Sherwood adapted by Mr. Donald Agger, *Part of the View* by Mr. Giles Cooper, and *The Ocean* by Mr. James Hanley, adapted by Mr. Donald McWhinnie.

Mr. McWhinnie has said that for a long time he considered a radio presentation of Mr. Hanley's book to be an impossibility. Making allowances for the different problems which Mr. Agger faced in his adaptation it is still probable that Mr. McWhinnie's effort would be beyond the scope of most American producers. To Mr. Cooper, on the other hand, an adaptation of *The Ocean* would be something that he would no longer wish to undertake because he would consider that even fantasy has its limitations in sound broadcasting. Neither Mr. McWhinnie nor Mr. Cooper would adapt Mr. Sherwood's play in a style which belongs—as far as British broadcasting is concerned—to the nineteen-thirties.

Having given the impression that Mr. Agger's methods struck a rather antique note, I must admit that both he and Mr. Sherwood faced a very difficult task. This production of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* was for the American home market and one cannot play about with any historical figure who is part of the national myth. There



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could be no acrimonious rail-splitting in such a play and the dramatic impulse could be derived only from the irony that we, the audience, are wiser after the event. Though an American audience would not notice how much wiser Mr. Sherwood had made Lincoln after the event, I could not restrain the memory that abolition became part of the tragic President's political platform only when the Confederate Army had nearly brought the North to its knees.

Mr. Sherwood's Lincoln was introduced to the debate on slavery at a time when he had hardly made up his mind about marriage. The narration, which was in any case in a rather old-fashioned style, was spoken by one of those genial uncles that the Americans enjoy hearing. To British ears this portrait sounded too cloying and too sentimental and—admitting our Western European limitations—not cynical enough.

While Mr. Sherwood is forced to tell all and to leave nothing out, Mr. Cooper tells his audience no more than is absolutely necessary to establish scene and action. British writers, as Professor Mizener recently pointed out in a talk on the American novel, derive economy from the fact that their audience can take a great deal for granted as soon as a social milieu is established. In *Part of the View* Mr. Cooper made use of this awareness to set his play in very few words in one of those country houses where a couple want to drink whisky and educate their son at a public school at the same time. Mr. Cooper showed here that he is at least temporarily tired of those experimental essays in the subconscious which first brought his name to the fore. After a period of subliminal dredging he has settled down with characters who resemble the people in Mr. Angus Wilson's short stories. The wife Pauline (Miss Mary Law) reminded me of the schoolmaster's wife in *Unman, Wittering and Zigo*, which suggests a pattern of development which could produce valuable social comment.

Mr. McWhinnie's setting of *The Ocean* by Mr. Hanley tried to do more than either of the other two works. The fact that there was partial failure was not so much Mr. McWhinnie's fault as the fault of the medium's limitations. The men in *The Ocean* are in an open boat after being torpedoed and they drift from consciousness to dream state as their water and their hope run out. Mr. McWhinnie needed to establish the doldrum nature of their predicament and he had recourse to a series of sounds which unfortunately reminded me too much of a foghorn. The fact that they were monotonously repeated did not perversely evoke the suggestion of monotony intended. There was repetition of the sound but no monotony. In the same way there was a moment when one of the characters tried to create the impression of silence by saying that there was silence.

Having made such tetchy quibbles, I must confess that Mr. McWhinnie came very near to success. But, as he has himself said, the task of rendering Mr. Hanley's work presented enormous difficulties. Though Mr. Cooper may still have some more fantasies up his sleeve it would seem that *The Ocean* represents one of broadcasting's limits and that the radio play of the future will follow the pattern of *Part of the View*. Like Stevenson's prose, Mr. Cooper's play is deceptively simple. It is a much greater work of art for all its apparent slowness than Mr. Sherwood's play.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Arts of Exposition

NOW BEING THE WINTER of our pale misfeature, it is hardly surprising if a certain pallor, a hint of lag—or fog—comes down on human pro-

ceedings now and then. And if the past week's programmes have had a sunless quality, who is to be blamed for feeling the weather? Even that usually lively item, 'Talking of Theatre', proved to be having an off-week. Questions were muffled, interviewer and interviewees tended to arrive at cross-purposes, and pause there, politely at a loss.

Two of the main features of the week were neither polite nor baffled. Nevertheless, they left one listener disappointed. Both were devoted to the question of unemployment—a subject which offers every chance of lively debate and hard hitting—and both seemed to me to suffer, in different degrees, from a certain hackneyed quality of exposition. This was more obviously a temptation in the case of Constantine Fitz-Gibbon's programme on the great depression of the 'thirties, 'The Hungry Years' (Tuesday, Home), though the chief fault here was a note of virtuous indignation in the commentary which, at this distance of time, seemed rather too easy to adopt. It came (I suspect) of a certain unwillingness to allow the material to speak for itself. In my view, it was all neatly biased—in the right direction. But rightness after the event has an irritant quality about it, however much you may agree. On the quantitative side, the material was well-chosen, wide-ranging, and full of salutary reminders.

Kenneth Harris had a more difficult assignment with his programme on unemployment today, in last Thursday's 'Matters of Moment'. This was a clear and cogent exposition of the facts. An immensely complicated problem was brought home under various headings, without being falsely simplified. And the individual cases, for example the plight of those affected by mine closures—'We'll have to go away, and who's going to buy our home?'—gave a bitter reality to the large, abstract issues. Unfortunately the questions of what to do, and what happens next, were never brought to the stage of open conflict that might have thrown light on them. The facts were vividly and precisely marshalled, but the upshot was vague.

The mysteries of 'Parliamentary Procedure', on February 9, in the Third, were debated by its protagonists, four M.P.s of different ages and persuasions, and equal eminence, Mr. J. Chuter Ede, Sir Lynn Ungood-Thomas, Mr. Enoch Powell, and Mr. John Foster. This unscripted argument proved an admirable method of exposition. From the start we were on the inside of things, and this assurance continued throughout—with allusions, for example, to 'one department that allows no amendments to its bills—however obvious'. Certain near-contradictions were illuminating too. Why should independent M.P.s be a 'useless lot' if, on the other hand, it is agreed that party discipline has gone too far, so that the party member often finds himself speaking against the bill he proceeds to vote for? Much was done to explain and justify the necessity of the humdrum in the daily routine of Parliament: less to answer the problem of increasing unwieldiness in its functions. But this was only the first of three programmes on a massive subject, and already quite a portion of the whole is brought into view.

'The Devil's Bible', last Friday in the Third Programme, a feature written and produced by Terence Tiller, explored the mysteries of that happiest of hunting-grounds for the symbol-seeker, the Tarot pack of cards. And it followed one of the classical methods of exposition for this kind of material. Virtually an anthology of quotations from learned texts, with a different voice for each authority, tart and schoolmarmish for Miss Jessie L. Weston, sage and sober for Sir J. G. Frazer, it offered variety of tone in principle. But the listener, as it went on, might

well feel he was being hit on the head by different sails of the same windmill. A raggle-taggle of live gypsies, cards in hand, would have livened up the proceedings, even if they had obscured the issue.

'I want, I want!' was the cry of all the adolescents, incorporated in 'The Days of Our Years' on February 8. Or, as a poet has put it:

Reluctant child of understanding parents,
And firstborn scion of the Welfare State,
I've seen through all incentives and deterrents
And what I want, please hand me—on a plate.

There seemed no doubt, on anyone's part, that they ought to get what they wanted. The only uncertainty was—what was it?

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Albert Roussel

MUSIC IS A GRAND ENIGMA, the most intriguing, most puzzling of the arts. Not of itself alone dealing in concepts, it cannot properly be considered a language and those who use that term in connection with music are begging an admittedly hard question; they are endeavouring to make things easier for themselves when forced to describe music in words. In so doing they are, in hard fact, making things more difficult for the rest of us because there is no natural, inevitable relationship between musical and verbal techniques and arty theory based in it is misleading. It is always hazardous to attempt to explain one art in terms of another, especially music analysed in terms that apply to linguistics.

Music thus remains an enigma, more or less susceptible of solution according to whether its terms are simple (as we say, hesitatingly, Mozart's terms are) or complex, as we feel Berg's or Roussel's still to be. Roussel comes to mind now when his chamber music and songs are being broadcast in three special Third Programme recitals. He and his music form between their inseparable selves an enigmatic nexus which, for anyone with an instinctive feeling for his taut, elegant idiom, is a perpetual fascination.

There can never be too much thought expended on his music and I think also that at this time there can never be too much written about it; indeed I do not feel constrained to make any excuse for coming close on the heels of Mr. Colin Mason's valuable article of a fortnight ago, except to own to an increasing admiration for this great music, which haunts my imagination and exercises my mind to such an extent that I am compelled to wrestle with it. Roussel is an intractable musician. Were his music not so finely groomed, so expert and elegant, it would become unbearable; we should not be drawn to inquire further into its essence. Mere hearing would suffice. We should not feel inclined to listen intently. Last week's performance of Roger Sessions's Second Symphony provided an example of another type. Loosely constructed, rich in ideas never adequately developed, its texture often thick, its manner explosive and often harsh, this work may have been to some extent expert but it was neither finely groomed nor elegant. One was not inclined, by the end, to inquire further as with Roussel's symphonies.

His is an absolutely aristocratic art and this can be advanced even in the face of an admittedly bourgeois work like his *Rapsodie flamande* which made one of its rare appearances in our concert life some days ago in a broadcast from America. It is perhaps not intrinsically a great Roussel work, as the term is applied to the symphonies, the Suite in F or the suites from the ballet *Bacchus et Ariane*. Yet it is stylish writing and for all its verve and its

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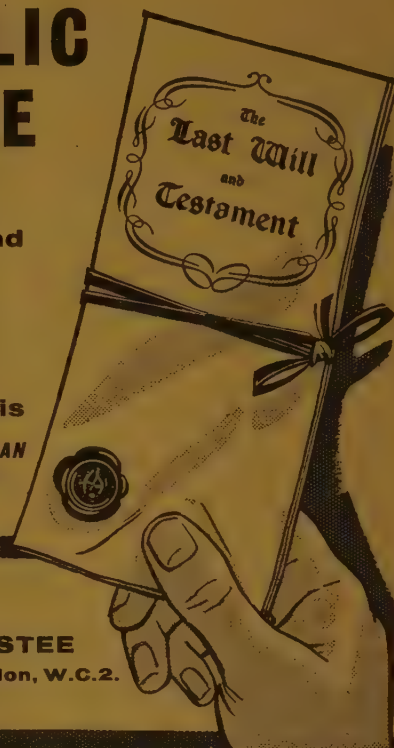
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peculiarly Flemish vigour and muscularity (one thinks of *Pallierter* by Timmermans and of course of Charles de Coster's *Till*) it is none the less an aristocratic work. Roussel always held that this was his aim. His sayings were precise. Here is one. 'Music is the most shut-in, the most inaccessible of the arts. It is of the musician, much more than of the poet, that it can be said that he is a solitary creature, isolated in a world where he is alone with his practically incomprehensible utterances'. And then this. 'Apart from two or three fine works that could be written for the masses . . . all else, given the state of reciprocity between music and the people, will always be the possession of the few, the chosen listeners'. Roussel's *Rapsodie fla-*

mande is an example of the former type; the String Quartet (played by the Loewenguth, on disc, in the first recital) belongs to the latter group of taut, abstract creations, destined for special listeners who can savour the workings of an aristocratic intellect.

The *Rapsodie* came over clearly from Boston and although the performance might have been better (muted horn in the lullaby inaudible, harp entry six or so bars too soon very audible) the interpretation by Charles Munch was good. It was exciting to hear the work again and to realize how fine are its qualities and how durable its interest. With all its bourgeois gaiety the music utters a stern, forbidding sound, reminding us perhaps that Flanders has for generations

been the cockpit of Europe and sending us back to Froissart and Philippe de Commynes. An acute perception is behind this work as it is behind the String Quartet which is tough and resistant and yet wonderfully rewarding. Immediately before it came two songs (1932) which, in Jacqueline Delman's agreeable and intelligent performance, gave the essence of Roussel's subtle creative faculty, his sensitive touch upon a poem, his exquisite musicianship.

To round off this experience we must have more of Roussel's big orchestral music and certainly have an opportunity soon to hear the opera *Padmâvati*, one of his greatest achievements.

SCOTT GODDARD

Lennox Berkeley and his New Symphony

By MARTIN COOPER

The first performance of Berkeley's Second Symphony will be broadcast at 8.35 p.m. on Tuesday, February 24 (Third)

ALL Lennox Berkeley's music bears the mark of a French training, but his stature as a composer has increased beyond recognition since he returned from six years study with Nadia Boulanger in Paris and produced his oratorio *Jonah* at the Leeds Festival of 1935. At that time his 'neo-classical' formation had developed a fastidious taste for spare texture, ingenious metrical patterns and astringent harmony, but at the expense of robust melodic life and individuality.

The first works which show freer and less inhibited handling of melody are the *Serenade* for strings and the *Symphony* of 1939-40, and the *Divertimento* of 1943, but the full liberation of Berkeley's melodic powers—and with them of his whole musical personality—did not come until the years immediately after the war. Up to that time he had been a primarily instrumental composer, a fastidious and scrupulous craftsman most at home in the smaller forms, his taste rather narrowly confined by the 'restrictive practices' of Stravinsky's Parisian followers. His music appealed to connoisseurs but did not often reach a wider public. Between 1945 and 1950 this perspective changed, gradually in fact but so startlingly that the change seemed sudden.

In the first place Berkeley turned his attention to new forms of music: the voice and the piano, to both of which he had paid only desultory attention hitherto. The *Four Poems* for contralto and strings, with texts by St. Teresa of Avila, showed an awareness of the human predicament and a spontaneous dramatic quality which were quite new in his music, and the *Stabat Mater* combined these with bold yet lucid writing for a sextet of soloists. At the same time two piano concertos, one for a single instrument and the other for two, came as a surprise to those who imagined that this most popular of instrumental forms had nothing more to offer a serious composer.

In the one-piano work Berkeley returns to the spirit of the nineteenth-century concerto, and the fluent, florid style with its frequent ornamentation is plainly derived from that of Chopin, transferred to a different harmonic language. The concerto for two pianos is a severer work and in the second of its two movements Berkeley shows his mastery of the variation form.

The general renewal of interest in opera in this country after the success of *Peter Grimes*, and perhaps his own friendship with Benjamin Britten, stimulated Berkeley's interest and the years between 1950 and 1956 were largely taken up with three works—*Nelson* given at Sadler's

Wells in 1953, *The Dinner Engagement* and *Ruth* both of which were written for the English Opera Group. It was perhaps unfortunate that the first of these was by a long way the most ambitious. In the composition of an opera experience of the theatre is indispensable; and although *Nelson* contains some excellent individual scenes and enough music of character to make a successful concert suite, Berkeley's music does not quite fill out the big historical canvas which demanded a more direct, possibly even a cruder, musical language than his. On the other hand he carried off with striking success the light comedy of *A Dinner Engagement* and by the deft characterization of contemporary types in music that hovers gracefully on the borderline between the popular and the sophisticated. The chief interest of *Ruth* is lyrical, though this clever modern version of the old-fashioned pastoral is enlivened by some brightly-coloured ballet music.

Berkeley's natural qualities have found unforced expression in chamber music and he has written two string quartets as well as a remarkably successful string trio, sonatas for piano, violin, viola and recorder, and two pieces for unaccompanied violin. His choral works include a psalm setting, *Domini est terra*, two anthems and a part-song, *Spring at this hour*, contributed to the *Garland* offered to the Queen at her coronation. Among his unpublished works is a setting of some verses from the *Crux fidelis* for unaccompanied choir and tenor solo, which has been performed on several occasions by the Purcell Singers with Peter Pears. Here the composer strikes the same note of unstimulated religious feeling that, in a different form, found expression in his settings of St. Teresa. In an earlier age Berkeley's gifts would have been recognized by the Church, and he might have found himself a well-commissioned ecclesiastical composer. As it is, we may hope that he will exploit further this rich and today comparatively neglected vein.

His most recent works are a concerto for piano and double string orchestra first performed at the Festival Hall earlier this month, and the Second Symphony to be broadcast on February 24. The Symphony was commissioned by the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, which is to give the first performance under Andrzej Panufnik. It is in four movements, the first of which opens with an *adagio* in which the listener is given a short, as it were visionary, glimpse of the material which is to be used in very different moods during the main body of the movement. Bassoons and clarinets present the contrast

between major and minor thirds, the harp sketches the outline of the main subject, and the 'cellos hint at a swaying phrase which is to acquire increasing prominence. After this introduction the *allegro moderato* plunges from a gentle 6/8 and 9/8 into a terse, nervous 4/4 in which the rhythmic displacements, abrupt cadences, and impertinent-sounding 'asides' recall the atmosphere of Walton's *Portsmouth Point*. Strings and wood-wind carry on a bantering dialogue in which the phrases gradually lengthen until a climax brings the second subject, a cantabile melody characterized by the alternation of major and minor thirds and gradually taken over by the strings. The constant rhythmic modification of the material and the combination of elements from the first and second groups of subjects, which between them constitute the 'development section' of the classical sonata-form, are here continued throughout the movement and there is no formal recapitulation.

It is characteristic of Berkeley that he demands of his listener the kind of musical awareness that accepts a hint, an almost disguised reference to what has gone before, in place of unambiguous repetition.

The second movement is more a dance than a scherzo and its predominating rhythm is heard at once in the oboe. Except for a more sedate section corresponding to a trio, the wood-wind and brass give the movement its colour and character. They are often used antiphonally and always with strongly defined rhythmic and dynamic contrasts. In the trio section the dialogue is between wind and strings, with basses and timpani providing a pedal foundation. The third movement, *lento*, opens *pianissimo* with muted strings slowly expanding a gradually widening phrase, at first in two and then in four parts. Trombones answer this and brass and strings carry on a dialogue until the clarinet introduces a sharply dotted phrase which leads into a slightly faster middle section, in which a rhapsodic recitative takes on an increasingly stormy character. In his return to the opening mood of the movement, Berkeley again avoids direct repetition, interrupting the originally calm unfolding of his material by the dotted rhythm first introduced by the clarinet.

The finale, *allegro moderato*, is a lively rondo movement in which a prominent part is played by a phrase whose general outline suggests a peal of bells. This is the most richly scored of the four movements and rises to a powerful climax, where the trombones return with a fanfare recalling plainly a similar passage in the first movement.

Bridge Forum

Semi-final of the Bidding Competition

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

THE first semi-final in the bidding competition for married partnerships was played on February 7. The contestants were Mr. and Mrs. Joel Tarlo, of London, and Mr. and Mrs. G. Griffiths, of Congresbury, Somerset. They had to tackle a tricky part score hand. Dealer, West; Love all.

WEST	EAST
♠ K 4	♠ A Q 6 5
♥ K 8 3	♥ J 4
♦ J 7 5	♦ 9 3
♣ A Q 10 8 2	♣ K J 9 6 4

The problem here is to stay short of game, for neither Three No Trumps nor Five Clubs can be made. Mr. and Mrs. Tarlo, playing Acol, were first to bid:

WEST	EAST
J. Tarlo	Mrs. Tarlo
1NT	No

This early subsidence took the adjudicators by surprise: we had intended to give full marks to a part score in clubs, with consolation for Two No Trumps. One No Trump, *a fortiori*, deserved a good mark, and we gave it seven points out of ten.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths were not so discreet:

WEST	EAST
1C	1S
2C	4C
5C	No

This was too high and scored zero. We thought that One No Trump would have been a better rebid by West, and that East, over Two Clubs, should have bid Three Clubs rather than Four. A sequence we suggested was: 1C—1S; 1NT—3C; 3H—4C; No bid.

In the second semi-final, on February 17, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Healey, of Rednal, Worcestershire, opposed Mr. and Mrs. A. Benjamin, of Glasgow. A new factor was that an opponent, South, was assumed to have opened the bidding at game all with One Heart. West and East had to bid from that point, holding:

WEST	EAST
♠ A Q 7 3	♠ J 10
♥ 8 5 2	♥ Q J
♦ A 10	♦ K 9 7 4 3
♣ A Q J 5	♣ K 9 6 2

The problem was to reach Five Clubs after an adverse opening. Mr. and Mrs. Healey solved it in a manner unorthodox but effective.

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1H	1S	—	2D
—	3C	—	4C
—	5C	—	No

Such bidding as West's on two four-card suits is not normal practice, but there is nothing about it that is basically wrong. It certainly made the bidding easy on this occasion.

When the Scots were East-West, Mr. Benjamin doubled the opening One Heart. His partner responded Two Diamonds, and there the bidding ended. Two Diamonds was awarded seven points out of ten.

A possible response on the East hand, after One Heart has been doubled, is One No Trump. The bidding may then continue: 2NT—3D; 3S—4C; 5C—No bid. Certainly, it is a difficult hand.

[A further discussion of these bidding contests will be published next week. Listeners' questions about bridge may be addressed to the Editor, and Mr. Franklin and Mr. Reese will deal with them in due course.]

Collecting Books on Chess

By BARUCH H. WOOD, Editor of Chess

THE best known chess library of today is probably the one collected by a Dutch enthusiast, Dr. Niemeijer, before the war and then handed over to the Royal Dutch Library at The Hague. The catalogue of this library is used for reference by book collectors everywhere. It contains 6,493 items. Even this is probably not the biggest chess library in Europe now. In Germany there is a young chess master named Lothar Schmid who seems to be buying every chess book he can lay hands on. If a book runs through fourteen editions, Schmid has to have a copy of every edition. If it is then done into Spanish and Russian, he chases the translations. I don't go as far as that myself.

What is my library like? 'Like some awful growth!' my wife would say. She has an old-fashioned idea that a house is for human habitation. It has made my study into something from which house-helps flee with cries of distress. It has filled my garage so that my car has to stand outside in the snow. We stumble over mounds of books in the bedrooms. I am looking for a larger house—because of my chess library.

Chess notation is international—like music; I can play over a game in a Russian magazine as easily as you would play a German-printed song by Schubert. Languages like Icelandic, Serbo-Croat, Swedish, Hungarian, I tackle with the aid of a battery of dictionaries. With Hebrew and

Arabic I am not so happy, but the games, of course, are always of interest. There are over 100 chess magazines in existence; I take them all. There is a good one on Chinese chess; another fine one in Indonesian; nearer home, good ones come from Turkey and Greece. *The Indian Chess Magazine*, by the way, is all in English. There is even a magazine about collecting chess books. A glance at my library would convince anybody, if they did not know it already, that no other game has such world-wide popularity as chess.

There are two shelves about humour; one about psychiatry. Reuben Fine, a player of world championship class, who deserted chess for psychiatry, wrote a little-known book, *Psycho-analytic Observations on Chess and Chess Masters*. This is not an expensive book: it is still in print, but for some reason it is almost unknown among chess players. Similarly, there is *The Thought Processes of the Chess Player*, by a Dutch doctor named De Groot who is himself an international player.

Among other curiosities I have an Argentine chess newspaper with pages as big as *The Times*; another book smaller than a match-box. I have a rather quaint book, *The Evolution of the Chess Openings*. It is on the big side: I could use it as a fire-screen even. Published in Bristol in 1906, it traces well-known chess open-

ings back through history. An interesting book: where have all the other copies gone? In thirty years of chess book dealing and collecting I have never seen or heard of one!

Professor Murray's *History of Chess* itself has a curious history. A rumour got around that it was out of print. While new copies could still be freely bought at the published price, soiled copies were being sold at three times as much. Now it is out of print the price really is rocketing upwards. One fellow, when I declined to sell him another book, asked if he could borrow it; I agreed reluctantly, on condition that he deposited £6. The money came. I sent the book—and I have never seen it since. 'I sent it back', he told me when I started inquiring, 'but it must have been lost in the post'. I kept the £6: he did not demur. I have been trying vainly to replace the book ever since. One journalist exclaimed: 'You must have your books insured for a big amount!' 'I can't afford to', I replied, 'but if I were burgled, I could hand the police an interesting short list of suspects!'

—From a talk in Network Three

The B.B.C. Reith Lectures for 1958 by Professor A. C. B. Lovell of Manchester University are published today (Oxford, 10s. 6d.). Their title, *The Individual and the Universe*, is the same as it was for the original broadcasts in the Home Service.

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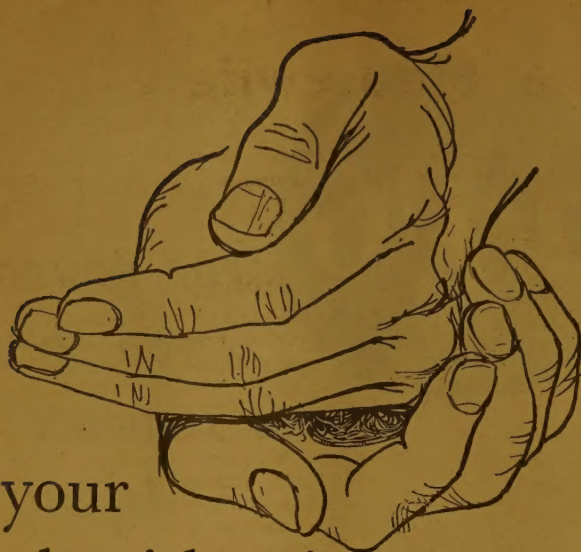
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Suggestions for the Housewife

NEW COOKERY BOOKS

IN *Lenten Fare and Food for Fridays* (Faber, 12s. 6d.) Constance Cruickshank ranges over the whole field of traditional Lenten customs. From the north-country carlings to the universal Easter egg she describes a wide variety of traditional dishes, each set in its proper background among the rites and customs of the Church's year. Mrs. Cruickshank also gives recipes for a selection of dishes without meat, including such tasty things as prawn tart, pilaf rice with tunny, and old-time mushroom loaves.

For cooks in a hurry Monica Hockney has set herself in *Meals in Minutes* (Faber, 6s. 6d.) to provide nourishing meals for two people that take only a short time to prepare. Her book is divided into four sections, with recipes timed to take five, five to ten, ten to fifteen, and fifteen to twenty minutes. The meals are all designed to be cooked on the top of the stove, and though some are light snacks others will provide substantial nourishment.

Two booklets in *The Good Housekeeping* extensive series of publications on home-making and cookery are *Jams and Preserves* and *International Kitchen III* (each 2s.). The first deals with up-to-date methods of jam, jelly, and marmalade making; bottling and canning fruit and vegetables; drying herbs, and so on. The second booklet contains nearly 100 recipes from Commonwealth and foreign countries.

ELIZABETH ARNOLD

HOGSKIN GLOVES

A listener asks what is the best way to clean hogskin gloves. First, put the gloves on, then run some lukewarm water into a hand-basin. Wash your gloved hands with white toilet soap, or with mild soapflakes. Wash off the soap and change the water, putting in a dash of vinegar

or some lemon juice for this final rinse. Squeeze the gloves gently, and flatten them to dry on a towel; or you can hang them up, but not near a fire. Just before they are dry, work the gloves about in your hands until they feel supple.

RUTH DREW
—Home Service

A NEW CLOTHES' WASHER

A new and practical labour-saving gadget shown at the Hardware Trades Show in London recently was a small washing machine, just over a foot high, made of a special polythene and worked entirely by pressure of hand. I should not, perhaps, call it a washing 'machine', for it has no mechanical parts and no electricity is needed. Yet this machine can wash up to 2½ lb. of goods at a time, making it, therefore, ideal for the small daily wash, for baby's nappies, for children's woolies, rompers, one's personal things, and household linen. It is ideal where there is no electricity or gas available.

The method of washing is a simple pump action. A lid, which clamps firmly, has in the centre an agitator which is scientifically designed to turn and churn the water, the suds, and the clothes, and to reverse the flow of water with each stroke. The agitator's handle is the part you push up and down to make the washing action. A bung in the lid is taken out to let the clean water in and the dirty water out, and the agitator (at work with the clean water) thoroughly rinses the clothes.

Here, at last, is an end to the daily immersion of hands into hot water and soap powder or detergent. If you want it to, the washer can do a treble job. Without the lid and plunger-top, the bottom part can be used as a container to carry the wet or dry articles to the drying line or ironing board; it can be used purely as a

bucket for water, and, finally, the bung in the lid is a measure for soap powder or detergent.

ROSE-MARY SANDS
—General Overseas Service

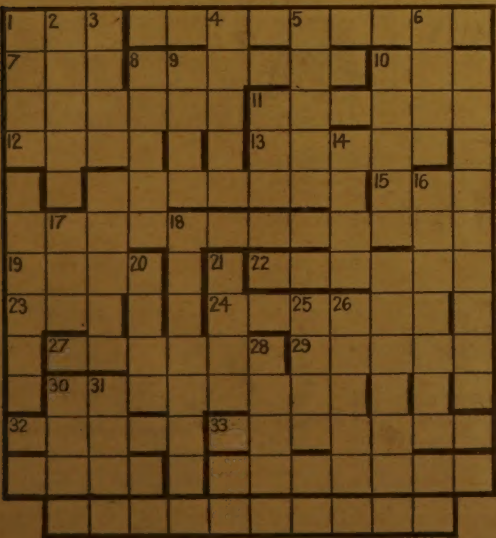
Notes on Contributors

- SIR CHARLES WEBSTER, K.C.M.G. (page 315): Stevenson Professor of International History, London School of Economics, 1932-53; member of Preparatory Commission and General Assembly of United Nations, 1945-46
- ALEC NOVE (page 317): Reader in Soviet Social and Economic Studies, London University
- STEPHEN PARKINSON (page 319): Associate Editor of *The Director*
- NOEL ANNAN (page 323): Provost of King's College, Cambridge University, since 1956; University Lecturer in Politics; author of *Leslie Stephen: His Thought and Character*, etc.
- DAVID DONALD (page 325): Professor of History, Columbia University, U.S.; Harmsworth Professor of American History at Oxford; editor of *Inside Lincoln's Cabinet*, etc.
- M. J. AITKEN (page 327): Deputy Director of the Research Laboratory for Archaeology, Oxford University
- MAGNUS PYKE (page 329): Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; manager of a yeast research station in Scotland; author of *Industrial Science, Nothing Like Science*, etc.
- MAX GLUCKMAN (page 331): Professor of Social Anthropology, Manchester University; author of *Custom and Conflict in Africa*, etc.
- Rev. JOSEPH MCCULLOCH (page 333): Vicar of St. Mary's Church, Warwick
- MARTIN COOPER (page 351): music critic of the *Daily Telegraph* since 1950; editor of the *Musical Times*, 1953-56; author of *Gluck, Bizet, Opéra Comique, Russian Opera*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,499. Baker's Dozen—III. By Tats

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 26. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



Each clue contains (not always separately) a definition of one or more words, and a hidden anagram of the light, beginning at the beginning or ending at the end of a word. The twelve unclued lights are proper names which have something in common. When rearranged, the first word of each across clue accounts for sixty-nine of the seventy-nine letters which (in the diagram) comprise the unclued lights. The remaining ten letters of these lights will form another name, which is to be entered in the space provided at the bottom of the diagram. Punctuation is better ignored. R. = reversed.

CLUES—ACROSS

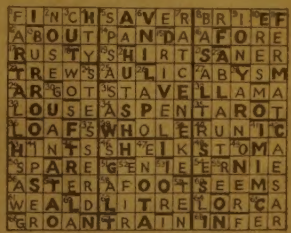
1. The Chief of Steff is not on the wagon (3)
7. There she is—a sort of sandpiper (3)
8. Tap Cecil on the head; he will take no notice (6)
10. Mangle—must be sold—wife to support (3)
12. Bobbles will make an old scarf fresh as a daisy (4)
13. Between my two flanks there is a hostile battalion (5)
15. Lenore's dolly is aged five (3)
19. Sir, is it a trill or a mordant? (4)
- 22R. Christopher and I met momentarily by the idol (6)
23. I am a cardinal with a hat in order (3)
24. Sorry to put clay in a kiln or not? (6)
27. Brides usually overcook lamb or beef at first (6)
29. I will tire soon, so will not again put a match to the fire (5)
32. I'd like a match, please. 'O for a Muse of fire' (5)
33. My team is in fine fettle (7)

DOWN

1. He cycles every day to the Sorbonne (4)
2. Deadly Nightshade has a familiar leaf (5)
3. Even in baton charges we like to see fair play (4)
4. Let me feel your pulse. It's customary (5)
5. This bill has come in speedily; stick it on the spike (5)
6. I've a blacker eye than you, and yours is frightful (4)
8. You must take pains with each single task (5)

9. Cheetah cub for sale—also stuffed fish (4)
10. To a fateful omen he returns a flippant answer (5)
11. Let's cut a rug, darling; this is a quickstep (3)
- 14R. An old, bad dream (4)
16. Heroic couplets consist of more than one line (7)
17. Eggs can be boiled, fried, scrambled or Easter (3)
18. This proposition comes ill from thee to me (7)
20. This biography should be popular, if legible (4)
- 21R. Rain is distressing at a ski-resort (4)
- 25R. One rarely wins a fortune in a card-game (4)
26. Not only slow in the uptake, but indolent as well (5)
- 28R. My right flank is decidedly weak (4)
30. Distressing sound that makes my boss uncomfortable (3)
31. Shouting a lot is not the 'U' thing to do (3)

Solution of No. 1,497



NOTES

The marginal note was Fermat's: 'I have found for this a truly marvellous proof, which this margin is too small to contain'.

Across: Intermediate words: 1. fancy; 5. steer; 8. brisk; 12. abast; 14. pasha; 16. antre; 17. busby; 19. swart; 21. finer; 23. views; 25. attic; 27. abash; 29. bigot; 31. stalk; 32. drama; 33. lapse; 34. Allen; 35. tacit; 36. leads; 38. stole; 40. rungs; 43. minus; 46. sleek; 48. Etona; 50. spine; 51. hence; 54. erode; 56. auger; 58. afrit; 60. weeds; 61. weird; 63. fibre; 64. larva; 66. great; 67. bruin; 68. safer. Down: 2. Tw. N. II iii; 3 & 40D. Ham. III iii; 26R. Tw. N. II iv.

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